

Week ending February 18 1956

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



THE MARKSMAN WHO OVERSHOT HIMSELF

W. E. Armstrong's
hilarious report
on the man who
hoaxed a nation

'Island In The Sun'
by ALEC WAUGH

'GINGER' by Norah Burke



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JOHN BULL

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 FEBRUARY 18 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2590

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

ONE JUMP AHEAD *by Breton Amis* 7
GINGER *by Norah Burke* 12

Articles

SILICONES UP TO THEIR TRICKS *by Keith Ellis* 10
THE MARKSMAN WHO
OVERSHOT HIMSELF *by W. E. Armstrong* 15
SCOOPED TO SAFETY *by Rex Grizell* 23

Serials

ISLAND IN THE SUN (Part 3) *by Alec Waugh* 18
THE LONG WALK (Part 4) *by Slavomir Rawicz* 24

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. THE RIPENING
YEARS: 28, 33, 35, 37, 40, 46. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 32.
OPEN TO VIEW: 45

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Breton Amis and his wife
attend a family wedding at
Malmesbury Abbey, Wilts

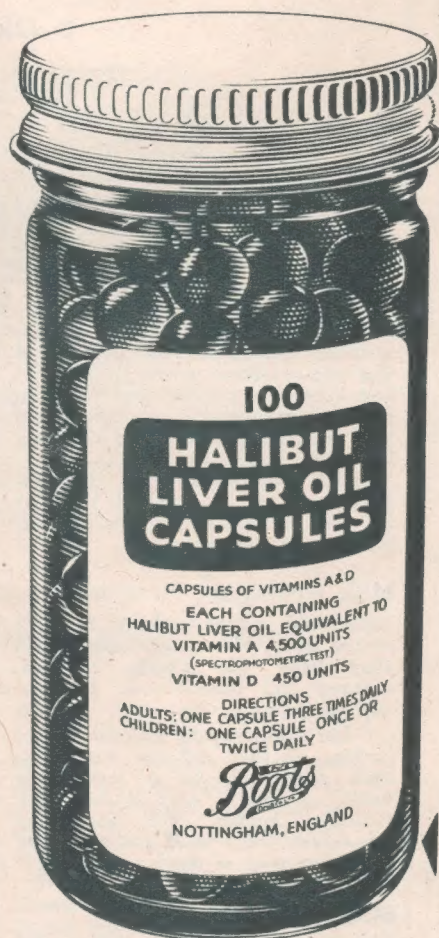
ghastly, but I get a kick out of it." Most of the stories he writes for us are comedies of village life, in which he uses the background he gained as a country journalist. Once he was reporting a case in which a man was accused of setting fire to hayricks. A small girl of seven was asked by a magistrate: "Now, my dear, can you see the man in court today?" Unwaveringly, the child pointed at Amis.

WHEN we asked W. E. Armstrong to write the story of Roger Touchard, the marksman from Normandy who shot such a successful line that he hoaxed nearly everybody in France (page 15), he set off for Bernay knowing he had an amusing but difficult assignment. One of the difficulties was that, as all Bernay had been fooled, people were rather unwilling to talk.

"Of eight Bernay citizens to whom I spoke," says Armstrong, "seven thought that Touchard was a disgrace to France. The eighth said that, on the contrary, he should be allowed to keep his Legion of Honour, and should be nationally recognized as a great mystificateur—a worthy successor of Baron Munchausen and other celebrated liars.

"It was an amusing story to cover, not only because of the subject but because the Normans of the Eure pride themselves on being the hardest-bitten and canniest folk in France. After a few hours in the town I was taken with a chronic giggling when talking to people. My amusement was not received very well, for the Bernayans found the thing far from funny. Yet I had the impression that, deep down, they were rather proud of Touchard. For Bernay is a very drab town and, except for Marie, its champion cow, it had never hit the headlines in all its long history."

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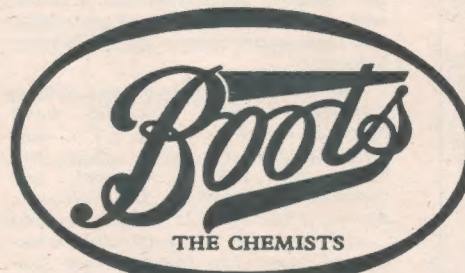
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against colds

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SAV. 35/A

Free Speech

● It's impossible not to lie

● When is a boat not a boat?

● Old English on the railways

THE play-reading group to which I belong has just finished a comedy based on a man's wager to tell nothing but the truth for a day.

We felt that the consequences were a little far-fetched, and jokingly agreed to try it for ourselves.

We have proved that modern living is based on falsehood. One of our members admits that he would have lost two contracts worth £7,000 if he had kept to our agreement. Two of the girl members would have been fired on the spot. I would certainly have lost my fiancée.

What liars we all are! It's impossible to tell the truth all the time in the twentieth century.—G. I. BUTCHER, Liverpool.

Milk Problem

Glass milk bottles ought to be relics of the past. How much longer must they litter our streets, chipped, cracked and broken?—A. HENDERSON, Falkirk.

"The trade would welcome paper cartons—if they did not cost more than the profit on a sevenpenny bottle of milk," says a dairyman. "Plastic bottles will not take aluminium tops, and would require the redesigning of dairy equipment."

Mad About Cake

The women of Jersey are the greatest cake-makers in the world ("Battle For The Cake Tins," JOHN BULL, January 14). When invited to a farmhouse tea on the island, I have usually found six to eight elaborate



home-made cakes on the table, and have been persuaded to try them all.—MRS. M. WOOD, London, S.W.17.

No Snub Intended

Pensioners sometimes ask my employer, a qualified accountant, to sign forms entitling them to cheaper tobacco. But as he is not an "authorized person" he must refuse. The government depends largely upon the integrity of professional accountants for the collection of revenue—and then snubs them.—H. F. BEATTY, Leicester.

The Board of Customs and Excise "authorized list" includes bank officials, lawyers, M.P.s, J.P.s, doctors and dentists, police officers not below the rank of sergeant, and captains or above in the Salvation Army. Accountants are omitted "solely because we must stop somewhere," says the Board. Any professional person, or member of a recognized body, may endorse a passport application.

Not All Myth

The doctor's reason for the removal of flowers from hospital wards at night ("Free Speech," January 21) is correct. But it is misleading to say "oxygen myth," because plants do give off carbon dioxide and take in oxygen after dark.—MISS J. POWNEY, London, N.W.7.

The myth the doctor referred to is

the widely held belief that flowers absorb so much oxygen at night that patients in a large, well-ventilated ward would suffer.

Donkey Ride

Yorkshire contributes more than its share of quaint customs. An amusing one is staged every year in the village of Pogmoor, near Barnsley, when a



local character rides the mile from Pogmoor to Town End, in Barnsley, seated backwards on a donkey. A miner called Tom Treddlehoyle made the first ride years ago, for a bet. After a lapse of forty years the custom was revived in 1950, and now attracts crowds from far and near.—D. CHAMBERLAIN, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

New Masters?

I have finished reading a book about great forgeries of "old masters" some of which remained undetected until the most recent scientific aids exposed them.

Surely, if a painting can be acknowledged by experts for so many years, it is as valuable and as artistic as a genuine "old master." Or must we admit that snobbery and "name value" reign supreme in the artistic world?

Do not these occasional superb forgeries call into question our whole system of values?—G. B., Cambridge.

Speed Laws

The photograph on page eleven ("Speed in my blood," JOHN BULL, January 21) poses the question: when does a motor-boat become an air

boat? In the picture, the hull is hardly touching the water.—J. H. PRITCHETT, Bournemouth, Hants.

A motor-boat or hydro-plane is a "vehicle" that touches the water while moving, and has no aerodynamic device to lift it. On land, according to the International Sporting Code, the world speed record can be established only by vehicles with not less than four wheels. They must not be propelled by air-screw or rocket, and the drive must come through the wheels.

War On Death

I was surprised and rather dismayed to learn (JOHN BULL, January 21) that bacteria sometimes feed on honey. I thought that honey was one of those rare products that did not interest microbes, and that it was a perfect food for children.—MRS. D. S., Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

... Many people in Britain would be willing to give blood if they knew their blood group. The authorities should take the initial step of testing everyone's blood. Then more donors would become available.—MISS J. TILLER, Wisbech, Cambs.

"Microbes have to eat," says a doctor. "Some of them are very fond of sugar, but the use of honey to grow them in laboratories does not mean that normally they are more attracted to honey than to marmalade or jam or bread, all of which resist germs well."

"Mass blood testing is not necessary in peacetime, when anyone can have his blood tested voluntarily. In the last war about four million donors were available when required."

Olde Signys

Above the heads of the seated couple (JOHN BULL cover, January 21) is a notice saying, "All season tickets to be shewn." Why don't British Railways use the modern English—"shown"?—MISS P. B., Salford, 7.

"Some station signs still date from the days when individual railway companies had their own preferences," says British Railways.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HOLIDAY travel is a cakewalk these days, but it's still quite an achievement to scrub your way round the world before breakfast. With posters fairly shouting "wish you were here," Petts's cover charlady finds that her few square feet of lino become a magic carpet. That's the spell woven by the travel agencies' colourful temptations; no wonder that nearly two million people will be persuaded to go abroad this year. In spirit, the veteran doing the ground-work is ahead of them all. Rain or shine, she gets a gay welcome from that señorita every morning.



THE MARKSMAN WHO OVERSHOT HIMSELF

W. E. Armstrong's hilarious report on the new vice board a nation
"Island to the Sea" by ALEC WAUGH
SHOCKER by Sarah Berke



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yourself!*



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... slow to wear RAYMAR gives your home the deep-tread luxury of wall-to-wall carpeting at surprisingly low cost.

RAYMAR being Plus-bonded is mothproof, resistant to damp and dirt, needs no underfelt and is hard-wearing. Fit RAYMAR

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Time and again Miriam had warned him about Captain Blake. What a fool he'd been not to listen!

One Jump Ahead

by *BRETON AMIS*

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY COLEMAN

FOR the sake of peace with his wife, Dawson supposed he would have to get rid of Blake once he had decided whether his old commander was the hotel's hired servant or honoured guest.

It had been one of those arrangements a man should never make without consulting his wife. Wandering into the bar from an hoteliers' conference in London, Dawson had seen a tall, rangy figure, glass in hand, sandy moustache neatly parted over a whisky glass: Blake, Dawson's old C.O.

"Hallo, Sergeant." Blake had stripped away fifteen years. "You owe me a drink."

For a few moments Dawson had been back in hell, lying at the side of the El Adem road with the sun beating into his brain and the remains of a blazing tank frying his feet. The captain, badly burned about the buttocks by an incendiary shell, had crawled across with a bottle of pale ale which he had opened with his teeth.

"That's one you owe me," he had said, as the German heavies lumbered by. "Bottoms up, Sergeant. Here they come."

Later, Captain Blake had made his famous springboard escape from a prison camp, clearing twelve feet of electrified wire fencing in a running jump from a plank lashed to a water tank. He had fought again, in France. . . .

As they swapped yarns, Dawson had invited Blake to the hotel on the spur of the moment.

"You say you're at a loose end, Captain, and I'm tied in knots," he admitted bluntly. "Miriam and I have only just bought the Moorlands, and it's a big step up from our hotel at Southport. Fishing, golfing, hunting. Mind you, we'll get the hang of it, but I could use a link between us and the guests."

The idea had been basically sound, as most of Dawson's ideas were. Hard-headed and

She kissed him. "Thank you for the dress, Tom." Then she said: "When will you tell him to go?"



hard-working, he had risen so fast that he and Miriam had to get acclimatized to the more rarified air of a county hotel.

"Sort of liaison job, eh?" Blake had said.

"That's the idea. If you're interested."

Blake was. He had accepted the offer with alacrity and, with his breeding and his charm, he had been a success from the start. Even Miriam admitted that. He paid them nothing for his keep, and his presence at Moorlands, for which they paid him nothing, had turned the summer season at Moorlands into something like a continuous country house party.

BLAKE was certainly worth more than his keep. But. . . . From the start he had got on Miriam's nerves. A thin, blonde bundle of energy, the ideal wife for an hotelier, she had no use for loose ends. Out of his private income Blake paid for his drinks and smokes and tipped the staff liberally, but the sight of him lounging at the bar night after night, week after week, kept her temper on the boil.

"At his age, with his looks and education, it's a downright scandal that he should be no better than a bar prop," she told her husband. "You've made something of yourself, Tom, without any of his advantages."

"I have the right wife," Dawson said tactfully. "We don't all come from the same mould, old girl, and the captain's always been a rolling stone."

"He can't roll on fast enough for me!" she declared. "You should give him a push, now the summer's over."

Normally she was a kind-hearted woman, if tough, and Dawson wondered why she had taken such a dislike to Blake. Was it out of

sheer cussedness, because he was so popular with everyone else? Or because she disapproved of his attitude towards his wife, from whom he had parted on the most amiable terms and who, he said, was a wonderful woman?

Winter brought fewer guests, but in Dawson's opinion Blake still gave good value for his keep. With the elderly people on special out-of-season terms he was a big hit.

"More of a host than you are," Miriam complained. "Can't you forget he was the officer, you the sergeant? You're boss here, Tom, and he must go."

"That doesn't sound as if I'm boss," Dawson said shortly.

But he couldn't stop her from moving Blake to a smaller room on a higher floor and asking

him in her frigidly polite manner if he'd mind helping with the books.

"We don't carry a large staff in the winter, Captain, and it would"—she wanted to say it would pay for his keep, but dare not—"it would ease things."

Blake was ready to try his hand at anything. He retired to the office with chits from the bar and dining-room, and after a couple of hours Dawson had to take over to save the accountants a nightmare.

"Never was much good at figures or I'd have been in the gunners," Blake said cheerfully.

Undeterred, Miriam tried to make other jobs for him, but he brought the cook hyacinth bulbs from the potting sheds instead of onions, and ruined the cloth of the billiards table in a gallant



attempt to turn it. Sent to the station in the hotel car to collect some packages, he pirated two week-end golfers who had booked at a rival establishment, an act of war that shocked Miriam's code of conduct and nearly resulted in a legal action.

"He must go," she insisted.

Her vendetta worried Dawson. Not that Blake noticed it. He teased her, brought her flowers when he drove into town. He was untouchable, cosily cushioned in the silken cocoon of his own charm.

Dawson wondered if that was why Blake's wife had left him. Women wanted men to work for them, fight for them or with them, hate them or love them, and Blake did none of those things. The fact that his wife was very well off as well as beautiful made no difference to him.

"Why should it," Miriam said bitterly, "when he can live like a lord without her? If they're so devoted he should go back to her."

Dawson agreed with this, and spoke tactfully to Blake about the blessings of married life.

"Couldn't agree with you more, old horse," Blake said lazily. "With you and Miriam having the same interests it works, but Valerie wants to hoist me into the family business, and I'm all for the simple life."

"The easy life!" Miriam said when her husband told her about that. "More like the life of a bone-idle drifter!"

The trouble nearly came to a head when Blake criticized a casual hand Miriam had hired to train as waiter for the hunt ball, a county highlight that would set the seal on the Moorlands.

"Nasty piece of work," said Blake, who seldom spoke against anyone. "Too slick and smarmy—and he ought to get his hair cut. Not

the Moorlands type. Reminds me of that bunch of Wops we rounded up near Benghazi."

"The war was over nearly eleven years ago," Miriam said, her eyes glittering. "We happen to have staff problems. There's one in particular——"

Dawson stopped her just in time. "Look here, Captain, I wonder if you'd take over the hunt ball," he said swiftly. "I'll be busy behind the scenes, and it's more your line than mine."

"Major-domo, rank unsubstantive?" Blake grinned. "I'll do it, of course, but you don't have to worry about the county these days. They'll be eating out of your hand."

"We should be used to that," Miriam snapped. "What he says in army language, Tom, is that you've been here long enough to stop passing the buck. We ought to mix!"

"That'll cost you a new frock, Dawson," murmured Blake.

AND so it did. Dawson gave it as a peace offering. "You and I aren't going to fall out over him, Miriam," he said when she tried it on. "It's too darned uncomfortable for me for one thing, and for another I'd rather see him go than have you upset."

"It's taken you long enough to make up your mind about that," she said tartly. But then her voice softened. "I'm sorry, Tom. He's a hero to you, and that makes me jealous because you're better than he is. He's had a good run for——"

"Our money?" Dawson knew she had been going to say it. "He hasn't cost us a penny, so be fair, and after the ball I'll have a word with him."

She reached up and kissed him. "Thank you

for the dress, Tom," she said. Then she added: "When will you tell him to go?"

"That's something I'll have to think about while you're enjoying yourself," he said grimly.

On the night of the ball a hundred cars from all over the county parked outside the Moorlands. Many of the guests were staying the night. Dawson was kept so busy that it was nearly twelve before he was able to go to the ballroom with the knowledge that their first big social event was a success.

With Miriam's loyal help he had come a long way. Standing in one of the alcoves of the great white-and-gilt ballroom, a stolid figure in dinner-suited black and white, he had reason to be proud. Amid the multi-coloured, many-petticoated frocks that swirled over the floor he caught a glimpse of the lovely gown that had cost him fifty guineas for Miriam.

She was dancing with Blake, and suddenly, horrifyingly, Dawson knew why she wanted the man to go. . . .

She had fallen in love with him! It showed in the almost desperate line of her mouth, the colour on her high cheekbones, the rigid way she held herself, trying to avoid close contact.

The truth hit Dawson like a blow between the eyes. What a blind fool he had been! Miriam had warned him, time and again. From the day he had brought Blake home she had seen the danger that had now overtaken them. Frantically, she had tried to fight against it, and with his help she would have won. Instead, he had practically thrown her into the arms of a man no woman, young or old, could resist.

Dawson's fists balled and the muscles of his back strained against the confines of his dress coat. He had a mad urge to charge like a bull on to the dance floor and knock Blake senseless. But what was left of his wits told him that Blake knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of what was going on inside Miriam. Why should he? He wasn't married to her, hadn't lived with her for ten years. He was chatting to her gaily, unaware of the damage he had done.

DAWSON went outside and gulped down some fresh air. When he returned, Blake was still with her, amid a noisy group.

"Come to dance with your wife, Dawson?" he asked. "On the stroke of twelve I expected her to rush off, leaving a glass slipper and a few broken hearts, but she was waiting for the prince of hoteliers."

Dawson laughed and so did she. They were well trained, but she knew him as well as he knew her, and as they moved on to the floor she looked straight into his eyes.

"Well, Tom?" she said. It was a challenge.

For once in his life Dawson was too much of a coward to face up to things. He couldn't bear to hurt her any more. He told himself he could be mistaken, because she was so cool and self-possessed. But he wouldn't take any risks. In the morning he would call Blake to the office and curtly offer a wage if he cared to stay as staff. In his queer way the captain would be hurt, and he would go. . . .

"Everything's fine," he said quietly. "No need to worry, old girl . . . about anything."

She gave a brittle laugh. "You're easily satisfied. I couldn't stand another evening like this."

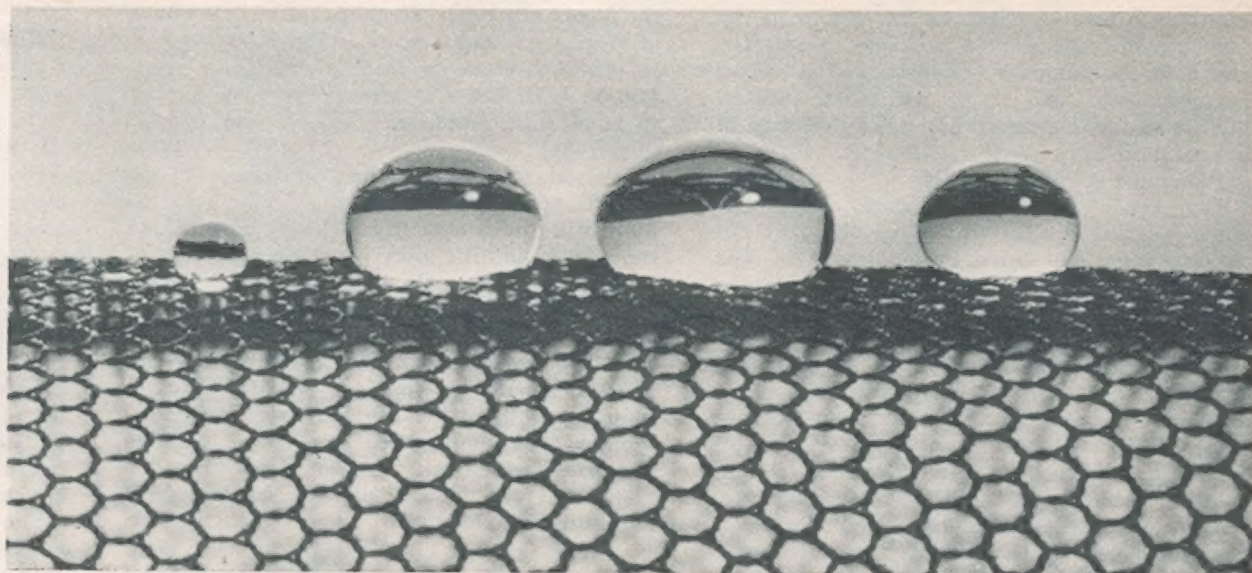
Again he refused the opening. They had a round of drinks with Blake, who wanted to introduce them to the people they should know, and after the guests had gone home or to their rooms they went to bed, just before dawn.

Neither spoke. An hour later, still awake and tangled in his thoughts, Dawson was roused by a crash in the hall below. He ran down and was just in time to see Blake end a terrific

Continued on page 36



Blake was in the hall, standing over the man he had felled. "He's all yours, Sergeant," he said cheerfully. "So call out the guard"



Car polish containing a silicone gives a longer-lasting shine. The new compounds can help women to speed up the housework

Magnification shows that water drops fail to soak into treated net. Nylon stockings are to be splash-proofed with a silicone



Rain just rolls off the trouser leg that is treated with a silicone. The other leg is soaked

Silicones up to their tricks

by KEITH ELLIS

Thomas Watson has sentenced the world's newest materials to hard labour—though there's one that still outwits him

AN area manager of British Road Services called on Thomas Wilfred Watson at the Barry factory of Midland Silicones Limited. "I've had to patch some of my tarpaulins," he said, "but the patches aren't waterproof. I wondered if you had a silicone that I could apply?" Watson handed him a bottle of a colourless liquid. "Try this," he suggested.

The result pleased the manager. A few months later, he called again and asked for enough of the silicone to treat nine whole tarpaulins as an experiment. "Since then," says Watson, "he has told us that the silicone-treated tarpaulins are lighter, more waterproof and easier to handle than those treated in the traditional way with linseed oil."

As deputy manager of Midland's technical service department and head of the water repellents' section, thirty-four year old Watson has the job of helping Britain's industries to solve their problems with the world's newest raw materials. A tall, slim, convivial Scotsman, he is enthusiastic about the possibilities of silicones. "When I meet our representatives," he says, "we often sit talking until one or two in the morning, purely about silicones."

Silicones are synthetic compounds of oxygen and silicon, grouped with various combinations of hydrocarbons. They are not found in nature. Silicon, an element common in sand, gives them their special properties. The hydrocarbons enable them to take thousands of different forms. In themselves, they are usually liquids, gums and resins, but for everyday use they are

made up into synthetic rubbers, grease, mixtures and emulsions.

All silicones are water-repellent, non-poisonous and unaffected by extreme temperatures. Chemically they are stable, and electrically they are good insulators. After that, their properties vary. Some are adhesive. Others prevent things sticking to them.

The most amazing silicone of all is a substance which looks and feels exactly like ordinary putty. When pulled, it stretches like toffee. Dropped, it bounces higher than a rubber ball. Hit with a hammer, it shatters like glass. Left in a lump, it flows into a pool. "Unfortunately," says Watson, "nobody has yet found a commercial use for it."

HUNDREDS of silicone products are already on the market. Many raincoats are silicone-treated. So, often, are clothes and furnishing fabrics which are labelled "stain-resistant." Stoves may be painted with heat-resistant silicone-paint. Refrigerators may have door-seals made of cold-resistant silicone rubber. Silicones may be found in television sets, immersion heaters and steam-irons.

Most of the large manufacturers are now selling silicone polishes which are easier to apply and give a longer-lasting finish than ordinary polishes. One manufacturer hopes shortly to market nylon stockings splash-proofed with a silicone.

Like his colleagues, Watson tests many new applications personally. For months, he walked about with one shoe silicone-treated and the

other not. "When it rained," he says, "one foot was dry and the other wet." He also has a silicone-treated raincoat and a silicone-treated cap. At a recent fashion show in which models demonstrated almost every kind of silicone-treated clothing, he and other officials stood around in silicone-treated suits while guests poured over them gin, burgundy and whisky from the free bar. The drinks ran off the suits, leaving them completely unstained. "As a Scotsman," says Watson, "I thought it a waste of good whisky."

The indiscriminate use of silicones without prior research may well be dangerous. Recently, Watson noticed that the windscreens of his firm's vehicles were difficult to see through in rainy weather. "We soon found that volatile silicones had escaped from the plant and condensed on the glass," he says. Now silicones are widely used on aircraft windscreens to improve visibility.

"In both cases," explains Watson, "the rain clings in droplets instead of wetting the whole surface. But in aircraft, the tremendous speed clears them off. Motor-cars travel much more slowly. The drops stick on the windscreen and it's more difficult to see through them than through wet glass."

Fishermen are already using silicone-treated lines and flies that stay dry and never sink. Cosmetics manufacturers have used silicones to make waterproof hand-creams, baby-creams and sun-tan lotions.

Watson takes home all kinds of samples for his wife to try out. She has silicone polishes, a



A shower doesn't harm silicone-treated fabrics. And Watson proved that they are stain-proof when party guests poured their drinks over his suit

silicone-proofed sun curtain outside the front door and silicone-treated saucepans in which nothing can stick or burn. She even uses silicones when she bakes a cake. Instead of lining the tins with greaseproof paper and laboriously greasing it, she puts in a silicone-treated paper without grease. When the cake is finished, it can be lifted cleanly out of the paper without any signs of sticking.

Silicone papers are used for packing and interleaving all sorts of sticky goods. Pharmacists pack penicillin in silicone-coated phials; because none sticks to the sides, they save about 2½d. a dose. In the rubber and plastics industries, manufacturers coat their moulds with a silicone so that the finished products come cleanly away. One tyre manufacturer claimed that in this way his production wastage dropped from a thousand tyres a day to almost none.

One of the most important qualities of silicones is their ability to resist both very high and very low temperatures.

"To de-ice aircraft in flight," says Watson, "pads of glass impregnated with silicone rubber

can be heated intermittently to 250 degrees. Silicones are also stable at temperatures as low as minus 70 degrees.

Silicones were discovered by Professor Frederic S. Kipping, who worked on silicon chemistry at University College, Nottingham, from 1896 to 1947. Hoping to discover silicon-carbon compounds, he treated as nuisances various "glass-like messes," "gummy substances" and "sticky things" which emerged as by-products of his experiments. These were the first silicones.

Shortly before the war, two separate American companies, General Electric and Corning Glass Works, exploited the discoveries commercially. To facilitate large-scale production, Corning joined with the Dow Chemical Company in forming the Dow Corning Corporation.

In this country, only Midland—forty per cent of whose stock is owned by Dow Corning—and Imperial Chemical Industries are manufacturing silicones. Because the firms are in keen competition, they refuse to divulge production figures.

Although silicones are expensive, such small



The Watsons find that cakes baked in treated paper don't need grease to prevent sticking

quantities are needed that the extra cost is often insignificant compared with the results. It would cost only 2s. 6d. to make a man's suit showerproof and stain-resistant; rather less for a woman's dress.

A native of Paisley, Scotland, Watson graduated in chemistry at St. Andrew's University under the Further Education and Training Scheme and worked in I.C.I. Paints Division before joining Midland three years ago. He lives in Cardiff with his wife and two children. He spends much of his time discussing points with technical representatives all over the country and visiting customers with technical difficulties. Last year, he visited America to confer with scientists at the Dow Corning Corporation.

In America, silicones are used much more widely than in this country. Sixty per cent of all polishes now contain silicones. Surgeons, worried because blood quickly coagulated on the tube-walls of the heart-lung machine which keeps the patient alive while his heart is operated on, found that a silicone coating kept the blood flowing for forty hours if necessary.

It is in America that the most bizarre use of all has been found. Every year, thousands of cows died from bovine bloat, a disorder caused when they ate moist clover which produced gas in their stomachs. "Why don't you try our anti-foam agent on them?" asked a silicones expert. The vets did. They found that the anti-foam agent often induced a gigantic belch which cured the cow instantaneously. Out of 155 cases treated, they reported 115 perfect recoveries.

In this country, manufacturers have been less enterprising. Last year, Midland and a manufacturer of kitchenware sent out a hundred silicone-treated frying-pans for consumer tests. Anything could be cooked in them—bacon, eggs, liver, onions. No fat was necessary and even if the food burned, it would not stick to the pans. Unfortunately, many of the people who volunteered for the test ignored the instructions and scoured the pans with metal pan-scrubs, thus destroying the silicone coating.

"The manufacturers decided that they would have so many complaints from housewives who ignored the instructions that the trouble wouldn't be worth their while," says a Midland official.

"It seems that the British housewife likes to scrub out her pans."

THE END

GINGER

by **NORAH BURKE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Instinct was driving Derek down a desperate road.
He knew he had to save this life—the life of a tiger

WHEN Derek Morley looked at the tigress he had shot, he saw that she was a mother feeding a young family. She lay at his feet, still warm and soft, and four men were needed to lift her, and there were no thoughts any more behind the yellow sunlit eyeballs, but flies in front of them instead; and Derek was most bitterly sorry.

The cubs? Where were they? Now that their mother was dead, they would die of starvation.

Lifting his eyes from the striped, slopped body at his feet, Derek gazed across the area where they were likely to be. It was heavy grass jungle, full of swamps and thorn-thickets covering about two square miles between the Rapta river and the Kaladhang-Sitawali road.

He guessed that that was where they were, because the tigress had objected to people on that road, and demonstrated before the gangs of road coolies until they were obliged to go away. She had threatened Babu Kupra Singh on his pony, and sent him flapping home at full gallop. Any day there might have been an accident, so the villagers from Kaladhang and Sitawali had come to Derek in a body and implored him to shoot her.

Which he had done.

Derek was country-born, and his father before him. He could not imagine living outside India—or outside the jungle, for the matter of that. His life was tents and field glasses and faded khaki, and water bottles with the felt wearing off and the aluminium showing through. So he stayed on where he was in his government biology department, doing things about malaria and so on, and political changes meant little to him.

He was a tall, spare man, sandy, with greenish eyes. He was shy, not expecting women to like him, and he had never married, the girl he wanted having married someone else. People considered him an unsociable hermit, rude and bad-tempered.

He read with his meals because eating alone one eats too fast and too little and it doesn't much matter anyway. He read a lot, largely natural history books, but most of his knowledge had been gathered in the forest on foot, direct from the trees and animals themselves.

When they got the tigress home, there was a pack of people crowding round the stiffening carcass, to marvel and exclaim and bend and lift the black lip to see the teeth, and perhaps steal a wiry white whisker or two for charms.

Babu Kupra Singh turned to Derek with a broad smile.

"Now you can go fishing," he said. Fishing

was Derek Morley's passion. He had three days' leave due to him, this job was done, and you could hear the great Rapta river even from here, rushing along to join the Ganges and full of mighty fighting fish.

"I'm not going fishing after all," replied Derek. "I have something else to do."

He decided against using an elephant, though perhaps he might have to in the end, if he failed to push through the grass on foot. But elephants could bulldoze an area flat and you still would not know if the cubs were in it or not.

No, what was wanted was a good dog.

Up till recently, Derek had owned a leggy spaniel called Touch, who had been with him night and day in the jungle for thirteen years. They hunted together, these two, silently, because they could speak to each other by thought. Touch was needed now.

But he was gone. The inevitable moment had come, the illness of age, the incurable pain, and Derek had not shrunk from that last terrible duty of master to dog. When Touch was not looking, he shot him. So he had no dog, and never would have again.

He got two men from Sitawali with their curs to come and help him, and they set to work to quarter the bit of jungle on foot. The men were none too keen, thinking of the tigress's mate, or panthers, too, of which there were plenty, or a bear, perhaps. But the pay that was offered was good and Derek took his heavy rifle, so they agreed.

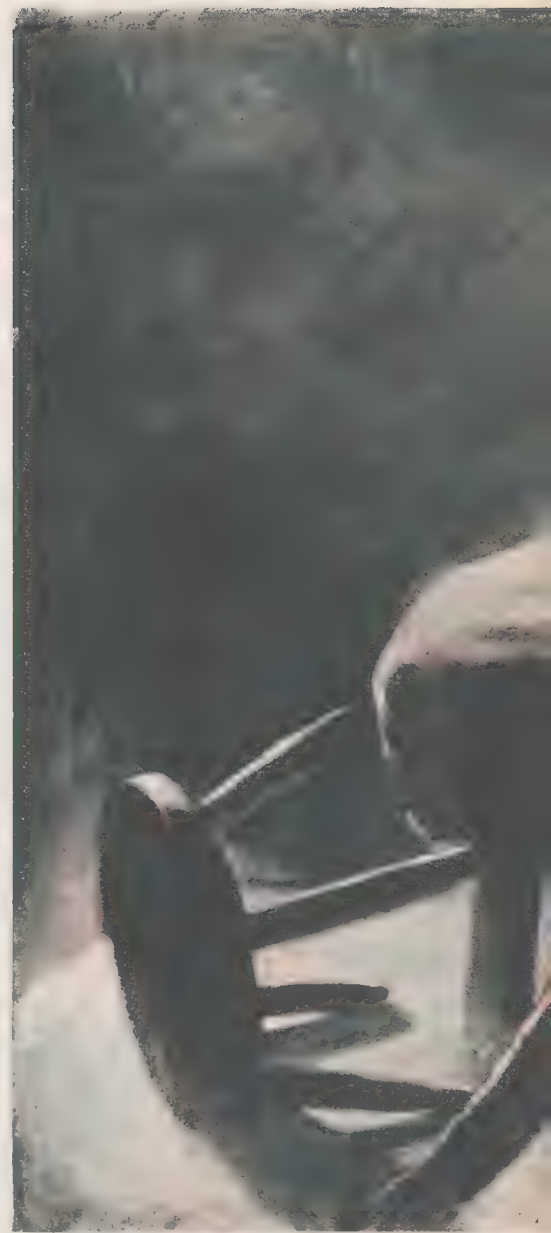
"We will work it in strips," said Derek as they stood on a knoll looking over the wilderness towards the river. "Up to those *sal* trees first, then the next piece as far as the bamboo."

FROM miles away wind could be heard shuffling the grass as it swept across the hot swamps. It cooled and dried his wet skin; but uselessly, because more sweat came pricking out all the time.

Grass tall enough to hide an elephant flowed before them, thick as matting, and topped with the cream floss of seed heads. And in and out of this thatch there stuck up the tangle of wait-a-bit thorns, the slender silver-green jostle of bamboo. Derek thought: You could spend a month and never find anything.

Nevertheless he began to look.

They searched for three days, pressing through grass which would neither break nor separate, but which cut like knives. They studied old pug-marks, dried along the *jheels* from which rose duck and *sarus* cranes with their crimson heads and sleek pearl-grey plumage. They broke the dried crust of the mud and sank



in sometimes, releasing old and evil smells. At night, when Derek closed his eyes, he saw nothing but grass. And still the cubs were there somewhere, dying.

The dogs went in front, nostrils working, not sure what they were supposed to turn out. They flushed *chukor* partridges, and an old pig who stood rooting and snorting, but finally galloped away down one of his tunnels through the grass. They put up peafowl, hog-deer and *kaleege* pheasants. But there was less game now than there had been even in Derek's boyhood, and no opportunity for the big trophies of the last century to develop.

It was during the evening of the third day that Derek saw something glint in the grass. It was like the glass eye of a mounted tiger head. It was. . . .

He plunged at it, and there at last were the cubs, two of them, weak and ravenous. They were silent, even in suffering. They lay curled together in the soiled nest with no mother to clean them, and stared up at him with frozen yellow eyes.

Derek unloaded his rifle, put it down and picked them up, one in each arm, plunging his fingers deep into their fur till he reached warmth; for they were still woolly babies with big ears—nestlings clothed in fur, not hair, recording some unknown bleak northern origin of the tiger.

Now they wriggled and fought, squealing for their mother, savaging his fingers with harmless gums. Derek held them close, delighted that he had found them.

Back at the bungalow, he took the basket in



For a moment, there was a shadow against the moon. Then a thud of paws, and Ginger was beside him in the darkness

which his chickens travelled from camp to camp. He tipped it out and lined it with fresh hay, sweet-scented and dry, and put the struggling cubs into it while he prepared their food. He closed the lid and stuck the stick through it. The basket creaked and rocked.

LEAVING them in the shade, because tigers don't like direct sunlight, Derek took buffalo milk, and brandy, and the eye-dropper out of his medicine chest.

He tasted the mixture he made. It was weak, not enough brandy to take off the flavour of the buffalo milk. Just right. He fished the cubs out one at a time and dripped the stuff into them.

They were a tiger and a tigress, the female smaller and poorer than the male. She was too weak almost to swallow, and sneezed the milk back out of her nose, choking over it. He got a little into her, then blotted her with his bath towel and put her back in the basket.

"I don't think I shall save them," he said out loud, talking to himself. He could feel something in him going out; a force, the lion-tamer in him, the creator, nurse and surgeon, strained for victory.

The tiger was easier. He sneezed, too, at first, but next moment he got the way of it and gulped food in and tried to get hold of the dropper.

Derek tried a finger instead, dipping it in the milk and offering it, but the cub dodged his head away, first one side then the other, refusing to be helped.

Derek dabbled a little on the baby's lips. A

sand-paper tongue, small as a fuchsia petal, came out to dry the lips, to lick the finger, to grab and suck.

Derek laughed out loud. The sound startled him. He realized suddenly that he had not laughed since Touch went. And suddenly, too, something was released inside him with the laughter. Something broke like a poison-gathering and began to drain and heal.

"I believe I shall save them, after all," he told himself.

When the baby was fed, he picked him up under the arms like an infant, and looked into the tiny, downy face. Milk dewed the whiskers, opaque golden eyes returned his stare. They were as blank of communication as the dead eyes of the mother-tigress had been. Between him and the cub there was something that divides man and beast, a barrier which can almost never be crossed.

He brought the baby up close to his own face, till the breath blew on his lips. He tried to look into the brain, the heart, the spirit. There was nothing. Here in his hands was the very soul of the Indian jungle, fresh and wild. He could feel the warmth, the thump of the little heart. All the passion of created life could move in this blood and these nerves, and yet he could no more touch this entity than the snows of Everest.

The cub turned his head away, uncomfortable under human gaze. The little lips were stitched back in the ghost of a snarl.

Derek laughed again. "Hi, Ginger!" he whispered.

The baby wriggled to get away, and his hind

legs slashed at Derek's bare arms, leaving white marks on the tan.

Derek got him back into the basket, the claws catching like thorns on everything to resist as he was stuffed in.

Now try again with the tigress. He managed to get a few drops down her throat; but his susceptible magic hands that could save sick animals felt that she was slipping out of their reach.

He was up all night with the cubs, dozing only at dawn, but while he was not looking the female died. There she lay in the hay, flattened and cold.

He was sorry. Life was pitiless. But he was determined to save the other.

At this point, if Derek Morley had stopped to think, he might have acted differently. But he did not. He obeyed instead the strong human instinct to preserve life, and so set his steps upon a desperate road.

KNOWING that only special understanding could save the cub, he kept Ginger with him instead of presenting him forthwith to a zoo. There was a zoo in the nearest large town, about two hundred miles away. Originally a rajah's collection, it had come into public ownership in recent years.

At first Ginger lived in the chicken basket, and the chickens in a new one. But he had to have air and exercise, so Derek bought a collar and chain and attached him either to a tree or, when he was camping where there was a forest rest-house, to one of the veranda pillars. The time he tied him to a tent pole, Ginger brought

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



the tent down about him and fought it till he was rescued.

Derek took his tiger for walks. After a while, the cub learned to scramble along without fighting. He learned to lie at his master's feet. He ate well, and was partial to bedroom slippers.

His menu included crow and jungle fowl, and hunks of anything that Derek shot for the camp, all of which was savaged and swallowed almost whole. But under his master's patience and understanding and indifference to pain and damage, the cub was slowly tamed.

"It's time you learned your name, Ginger," said Derek one day.

He was sitting in a cane easy chair on the veranda. Beside him lay the tiger cub. His ears did not look so big now that his body was growing. They turned sensitively and independently forward and back to collect intelligence. He was listening to forest talk, the chatter of palm squirrels, the swearing of monkeys. Both squirrels and monkeys often called because of the cub they could see on the veranda. So did the camp chickens, straining their necks and cockling to everyone to look out. Ginger had had no mother to teach him, but it was perfectly clear that he understood all jungle talk even if human words meant nothing to him.

"Ginger," said Derek firmly.

There was no answer.

"Ginger!"

The broad head lifted. Eyes that had in them the peace and heat of sunset looked into his.

"There!" He stroked the baby's head, repeating his name over and over again. From his pocket he produced crumbles of dried meat. The cub licked them up, snuffed round for some

more, looked up, looked away. His eyes gazed off into the sunny compound where Derek's chickens were scratching the dust. His head sank on to his paws.

"Ginger. . . !"

The cub glanced up at once. For one moment, like the flare of a match, understanding lit his eyes. The black tip of the tail twitched.

Derek smiled and fed him again. He bent and picked him up, grunting at the weight, and let him lie on his chest, as Touch used to do, while he stroked him from snub nose and flattened ears, all down his backbone to the barred and energetic tail.

The act of saving an animal gives birth to love, but behind this feline lay not centuries of ancestral co-operation with mankind, but war. In all the forest, the wild gold kings fear no one but man. Yet here, as these two lay eye to eye, Adam and the Jungle, and the vibration of the cub's purring drummed the man's chest, were already companionship, love and loyalty. The barrier was crossed.

But fur was coming off in Derek's fingers as he stroked. He flicked it off and he glanced down. Through the moulting baby wool could be seen hair, the rich red gloss of a tiger.

When Ginger had learned the basic words of command which Derek considered that every dog should know—to follow, or stay, to sit and drop, as well as his name, and even to walk at heel—the cub was sometimes allowed loose in the compound. He was like a puppy about the house, except that he still had his meat raw and would eat nothing else. He slept on the floor by Derek's bed.

It was his growl that roused his master one

night and Derek was awake instantly and on his feet. He sprang to the door. Outside in clear moonlight he saw a man's shadow vanish round the corner of the house.

A thief? Derek was after him, bare-foot in his pyjamas, but to no avail. He roused the camp and they made an armed search at once without result.

Derek came back to his room. Ginger was sitting up, chained, waiting for his return, his eyes glowing white-red in the moonlight.

"Thank you, Ginger," Derek said.

His hand travelled over the ears, black and round, each with its large white spot. In his palm he could feel the movement of head muscles. Even the little secondary muscles of Ginger's face were powerful now.

Derek frowned. He got into bed. The tiger, who had rolled his head against the known touch, rubbed himself along the bed, shifting it. He lay down with a sigh of contentment.

In the morning Ginger killed his first chicken. He killed it neatly, although he had never been taught, and he brought it to the veranda for him and Derek to share. Derek bent uneasily to take the dead bird. Ginger had feathers round his mouth.

Three weeks later he brought a goat from the village. Derek did not even know that the cub was gone out of the compound. He chained him. He paid for the goat.

"The tiger is not to be let loose any more," he ordered.

Something must be done, and soon, but what? The zoo . . . a bullet?

In the meantime he bought a heavier collar and chain. The chain disturbed his rest, rattling and dragging. Then one night it did not trouble him; and, when he woke, the first thing he saw was the chain broken and glinting in morning sunlight on the floor.

They soon learned where Ginger was gone. A party of men came from the next village.

"Your tiger has killed a calf belonging to Haram Singh."

"I will go back with you," said Derek.

He took his heavy rifle and some cartridges, in case it came to that; and before they reached the village he snapped two into the breech.

Obediently inherited instincts, Ginger had dragged his kill from the outskirts of the village, from the place where he had killed it in front of everyone, and was eating it nearby in the long grass under a *runi* tree.

With his rifle under his arm in the easy unnoticed carrying position of the natural shot, and watched by the entire village, Derek approached his animal.

"Hallo, Ginger," he said.

The young tiger looked up, alert and tame. He was bright orange-yellow now, and pure white and jet black, his body vivid with electrical vigour and intelligence. There was blood all over the broad handsome face.

"Ginger?"

But someone he did not know returned his look. This was Ginger's body, but it was not Ginger looking out of those eyes of burning glass.

Derek turned to his audience. "I shall wait till he has fed," he called. "Then I will take him away."

And presently the young tiger rose and stretched, looked at Derek, looked at his kill. He began to clean up his face. He decided to come home.

Derek unloaded his rifle. He borrowed a jeep, put Ginger into it, and journeyed eighty miles into the forest, away from habitation, where he could release the cub to fend for himself.

They came up timber-dragging trails and fire-lines, and so to a deserted glade. This was the place. He took off the collar. He let the tiger go.

Ginger shook himself, and looked round. Whiskers, ears and eyebrows reacted. He

Continued on page 35

France had never seen a rifleman like the fabulous Roger Touchard. But his claims were a little wide of the mark

The marksman who overshot himself

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

THROUGHOUT the month of September, 1954, a crowd obstructed the pavement before a gunsmith's shop in the little Norman town of Bernay, in the Eure department of France. Monsieur Dupuy, the proprietor, had cleared his display window of everything but a single object. This was a massive rifle of Swedish manufacture—.22 calibre, weight 16 lb.—with a complicated sighting apparatus and a butt the size of a small chopping block. Artistically twined round the barrel, like a ribbon on a maypole, was a silk sash of red, white and blue. No caption or card was thought necessary, for all in Bernay knew what this exhibit signified.

The rifle belonged to Roger Touchard, a local man who had just become the world's professional rifle champion for the eighth successive time; the tricolour ribbon meant that a grateful government had recognized the feat by creating him a Knight of the Legion of Honour, a distinction rarely conferred on sportsmen.

The championship, held two months before in Toronto, had been particularly hard-fought that year. Arroyo, of Chile, and the Canadian star Dyson shot brilliantly to lead the field with a score which beat all records by several points. When Touchard stepped up to the final stand—two hundred rounds from fifty yards at a bull's eye measuring less than two inches—he had to make every shot a "bull" to keep the title.

"It was pretty nerve racking," Touchard admitted later. "Just as I went to aim for the last time, the Chilean champion's wife succumbed to the strain and fainted. When the markers declared my two hundredth shot a 'bull,' I was almost fainting myself."

What Touchard did not add, but which the French

When he had to demonstrate his prowess, Touchard always drilled the bull. His assistant saw to that





Touchard and his massive Swedish rifle made shooting history in the world's capitals—or so he said in the local newspaper

papers reported afterwards, was that Señora Arroyo, recovering in her hotel bedroom, received a magnificent gift of flowers that evening. It was the winner's bouquet presented to Touchard and sent by him in consolation to his defeated rival's wife.

This chivalrous gesture was typical of the man. Gazing at the Swedish rifle, an emblem as powerful to the Normans as would be, for us, the sight of Gordon Richards's whip or Stanley Matthews's football boots, the crowd might have remembered other incidents. There had been that day in 1950 when a civic reception committee waited at the station to welcome Touchard home after his victory in Valparaiso. The train arrived, but Roger was not among the passengers. Almost pathologically modest, the champion had slipped out at a stop farther up the line.

There had been, too, the occasion in 1949 when his admirers were obliged to enter Touchard's house by force to present him with a handsome bronze statuette donated by public subscription, and, in 1953, the banquet in the town hall at which Touchard had to be practically bludgeoned into making a reply to the mayor's congratulatory speech. . . .

Five months later, Monsieur Dupuy was regretting his window display; across the street, in the offices of the *Bernay Watchman*, the editor of the local paper was thumbing glumly through back numbers; in the hamlet of de La Chappelle-Hareng, the marksman's wife (née Fernande Fillocque) was consulting her lawyers about divorce; the marksman himself, struck down by jaundice, was barricaded in his father's farm while, in Paris, civil servants

responsible for distributing awards of the Legion of Honour were wondering how they could have nationally recognized a champion of the world who had never been a champion of anywhere.

A great many things had gone greatly wrong, and the most elaborate, longest-sustained fraud in the history of sport was over.

THERE is a baffling quality about certain habits, pastimes or hobbies which inspires confidence and suggests probity. Pipe-smoking and coarse fishing are two of these: rifle shooting is another. It is at once manly and meticulous, virile and discreet. Women find it vaguely comforting, for it gives a man something of a soldier's glamour without the tiresome necessity of his joining up. The archetype of the marksman is the portrait of a forthright, reliable fellow slow to anger but as terrible as an army with banners in a just cause.

Roger Touchard gave this impression. A tall, loose-jointed man in his early forties, with a high forehead, bony nose and jutting jaw, his first impact on a stranger is that of an almost offensive honesty. "*Un brave type!*" the French might—and did—say of him, a phrase whose English equivalent, rather unhappily in this context, would be "straight as a gun barrel." His clothes—beret basque, blue pullover and tweedy plus fours—were in keeping with his personality. So was his profession.

Touchard, who lived with his parents on a two hundred acre estate of rich pasture and apple orchards in the village of Le Favril (188 inhabitants), seven miles from Bernay, liked to be known as a gentleman farmer. That designation brings to mind a man who softens the

rigours of prodding pigs and ordering tractors by the stern diversions of the grouse moor and the hunting field. There are neither grouse nor hunt-able foxes in Normandy, so Touchard made do with rifle shooting, archery, athletics and cycling.

In athletics, Roger chose a speciality which, in its muscular sobriety, fitted him to perfection—he threw the hammer. He threw it not more than honourably, a standard which also applied to his efforts on the cycling track. With the long bow, as president of the "Marksmen of Favril," a society which he founded, Touchard was steady rather than sensational. On the rifle range, however, he made a small, parochial stir.

Every village in Normandy has its annual fête or gala at which sportsmen from the district arrive with their rifles in much the same way as Victorian young ladies turned up at a party carrying piano music. Then, after a hearty meal in the open air, the targets go up and the fusillade begins.

Roger Touchard was prominent at these reunions. Now that he is in disgrace, some of those who knew him twenty years ago tend to play down his talent.

"Touchard shot no better than anyone else," says Monsieur Lepetit, a cider merchant from St. Aubin Le Guichard. "We never noticed him particularly," echoes André Dupont of a village called St. Leger de Rostes. But the records show that Roger won five first prizes at a minor regional competition in 1935. It would have been better for him if he hadn't.

Shortly after this, the secretary of the French Union of Rifle Clubs received by post a series of targets. They were more than good: they were outstanding. Touchard, on their evidence, was

invited to shoot it out in Paris shoulder to shoulder with the established champions. Something out of the ordinary was expected of the newcomer, and Roger was not long in providing it. Firing scores of cartridges from four different rifles and three revolvers, he failed to hit the target once. This was thought fairly humorous and everyone laughed heartily, including Touchard himself. The farmer returned to Normandy and his apples, and the members of the French Union of Rifle Clubs, dispersing, believed that they had seen the last of a practical joker. They were wrong.

Eleven years later, in April, 1946, a very war-like figure presented itself at the national rifle meeting held near Versailles, the Bisley of France.

In deadly earnest this time, Touchard had got himself up for the occasion as something between a lumberjack and a spaceman. He doffed his beret for a long-peaked baseball player's cap. His plus fours were supported by one of those wide elastic belts favoured by racing drivers. His sleeves and shoulders were heavily padded while, draped round his neck, was a patent sliding tape measure brought, he confided, to measure within a millimetre the correct width of his stance. "Get your feet right," he was fond of saying, "and everything else will follow."

Roger must have got his feet wrong. If his peculiar appearance startled the champions, it was the only thing about him that did. In four hours, from the standing, kneeling and lying positions, and taking an unconscionable time over every shot, he pumped out 160 rounds without once troubling the markers. Shooting under Versailles rules was manifestly more difficult than potting at a target stuck on a Norman hayrick in the bucolic euphoria of a village fête. It was a very reflective Roger who took the train for home.

HAD this fiasco ended in hilarity, as on the first occasion eleven years before, Touchard might have remained the honourable, if fallible, rustic marksman his companions knew him to be. But in place of laughter there had been scorn. The Norman was hit in his pride. He might well be that "vainglorious mythomaniac with a locomotor imagination" which the French psychologists are now calling him. What he certainly must have been as he was borne back to Bernay, with the Swedish rifle in the luggage rack, was an extremely bitter man.

"I'll show 'em!" he whispered to the rhythm of the wheels. "I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em!"

He began his demonstration ten days later. One of Touchard's master qualities was that he never did anything by halves. On April 26, 1946, the editor of the *Bernay Watchman* received an account of the Versailles meeting. The championship had been won, lock, stock and barrel, by Roger Touchard with the prodigious score of four hundred points out of four hundred, a world record. There followed a lively account of the meeting which described how the local boy from Le Favril had blasted the daylight out of the reigning French champion, Parmentier.

Monsieur Meaulle, the editor, on whose staff was no one with the slightest interest in, or knowledge of, rifle shooting, printed the story in full. And a star was born.

Summer was near and the rifle season had begun. Touchard was inundated with invitations to inaugurate rifle meetings, open fêtes and preside at marksmen's banquets. His proverbial modesty explained his many refusals. But fame has its obligations, and the champion of the world was sometimes forced into the open. When he did appear in public, Touchard knew that the horrid moment would come when he had to demonstrate his skill. "Do us a target, Roger," his admirers would wheedle, and Roger, heavy with a good lunch and a desperate sense

of fate, had no other course but to unlimber the Swedish rifle and let fly.

Eye-witnesses of these exhibitions are unanimous about two points: the target was always just too far away to be read in detail by unaided human vision, and it was invariably set up and brought back—drilled neatly through the bull's eye—by the same individual, a young man called André Brière.

Brière, a baker's assistant and fellow archer from the village of Bazoques, denies that he was Touchard's accomplice in the true sense of the word.

"I believed in Touchard," he maintains stoutly, "and if I faked his targets it was simply not to let him down."

Roger had convinced Brière that the exertions of a rural fête were apt to upset his concentration. And the light was so tricky! It was unthinkable for a *champion du monde* to disappoint his admirers. Would André as a friend, as a Norman, as an archer, help him out with a little harmless deception? André would. Some elementary sleight of hand with the targets, and a bull's eye profusely perforated with a pencil did the rest.

Several of these perfect targets, signed by Touchard, were to be found until lately in the district round Bernay. Some of them, regrettably, had been sold by the world champion for a thousand francs apiece. Later, the price was to take a sharp upward movement.

Having made himself a champion, Touchard was faced with the problem of how to remain one. Versailles, with its hateful memories, was clearly out of the question. His future triumphs would have to be won abroad, and the farther away the better. In July, 1947, he packed the Swedish rifle, his tape measure and the elastic belt, and announced his departure for Prague where, he gave out in a preliminary report to the press, the world competition was being held that year.

A week later news came via Paris to Bernay that Touchard was the winner. The going, said the dispatch—which the *Bernay Watchman* printed in heavy type—had been tough; the French star was forced to surpass himself to beat a distinguished international entry.

The next year, the meeting was in Amsterdam; in 1949 at New York; in 1950 London, in 1952 in Lisbon. On every occasion the tenacious

Norman, always on form, managed to hold his title; and every win, when the hero returned to Normandy, sent his prestige—and the price of his photographs—higher. Along with Marie I, a dappled cow belonging to Monsieur Fiquet of Famechon, a village close by, who was also a world champion with the colossal annual production of 11,325 kilograms of milk, Touchard was thought to be about the most eminent thing to emerge from Normandy since William the Conqueror.

Roger, of course, had never left France. London and Amsterdam, Prague and Toronto, Valparaiso and points west existed in his bony head, as he scratched it thoughtfully in a back room of a small hotel in the rue Vignon, in Paris.

IT was there that Touchard's locomotor imagination conjured up the dream world of cosmopolitan sportsmen flying from capital to capital—all expenses paid—accompanied by precious rifles and glamorous wives. It was there that he fought it out with his celebrated rivals, Arroyo of Chile, Dyson from Canada and the olive skinned Jimenez, of the Argentine. It was there that he came to the aim for the final, fateful shot while the spectators held their breath and the tang of cordite filled the air. It was there that he founded the mythical "International Federation of Professional Riflemen" with headquarters at Uccle, in Belgium.

And it was there, on his portable typewriter, that he wrote the accounts of his victories—with the names and scores of his defeated opponents—for the *Bernay Watchman*, the *Voice Of The North* and other newspapers which, in twenty-four hours, told the waiting country that the man from Le Favril had once more held high the honour of France.

Touchard's talent for inventing names and investing them with personality marks him high on the list of the minor fabulists of history. Arroyo of Chile! Who could this man be but a professional rifle shot? The very syllables suggest the dry, hollow echo of a bullet thumping the butts. The dour Dyson, too, comes strongly to life—squat and powerful, with all the colonial's great-hearted arrogance. Dyson and Arroyo were always the men to beat, but there were others whom Roger could never

Continued on page 33



An arch of rifles and bows at Touchard's wedding. Soon after, the bride's father christened him "the world's champion line-shooter"



I'm safe, safe, safe, Maxwell told himself. Then he saw the flash of headlights. He stood aside to let the car pass

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by ALEC WAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

It had been so easy, Maxwell thought. There was nothing to connect him with Carson's death. He had committed the perfect crime

THE climate of the West Indian island of Santa Marta—as Carl Bradshaw, a visiting American reporter, had noted—caused passions to run high. Love, jealousy, hate: all flourished rapidly under the hot sun. . . .

Euan Templeton, the governor's son, and lovely Jocelyn Fleury had fallen in love. But Jocelyn's happiness had been spoiled by Carl Bradshaw's revelation that the Fleury family, one of the oldest on the island, had Negro blood. Euan said that it made no difference, but Jocelyn knew that it would. She felt that she could never marry Euan now.

The governor's aide-de-camp, Denis Archer, was in love, too—with an exotic local girl, Margot Seaton, a Government House secretary. Margot had once been the girl friend of David Boyeur, a radical young labour leader. . . .

Boyeur knew about hate. He bitterly resented the superior attitude of Maxwell Fleury, Jocelyn's brother, who was a fellow-candidate in the campaign for seats on Santa Marta's Legislative Council. Maxwell, a planter, was horrified by Bradshaw's *exposé*. But he agreed with Julian Fleury, his father, that the best course was to brazen the matter out.

Maxwell, excited and emotional, was on his way to the Country Club—determined to act as though Bradshaw's discovery meant nothing to him—when he met a fellow-planter, Colonel Carson. For some time, Maxwell had suspected that his wife, Sylvia, and Carson had been meeting secretly. He was madly jealous.

Now he accompanied Carson to his house and there accused the older man. Carson denied the charge coldly, but Maxwell, by now beyond all reason, knocked him down and leaped on him, his powerful hands tightening on Carson's throat. . . . And when at last he removed them, Carson was dead. . . .

PART THREE

A Matter Of Hide-and-Seek

MAXWELL FLEURY rose to his feet. His heart was thudding. He looked down at Carson's sprawled body and the first chill shudder ran along his nerves. He had killed a man. This was not the kind of offence for which you deposited so much bail. This was manslaughter. It might even be called murder.

His thoughts were racing. He had read of this kind of incident in a dozen novels, had seen it depicted in fifty films. A scuffle and a fight. A sudden corpse, and a man wild with terror, deciding to make a bolt for it, and always inevitably leaving behind him the one fatal clue. Reading that kind of novel, seeing that kind of film, he had thought: *What a fool the man was! If he had gone to the police and told his story, he would have been believed.* How often had he

not thought: *If I had been in that position, I'd have known what to do.* Well, here he was, in that position, and he was hesitating. He knew what he ought to do. Walk round to the police station. But suppose he didn't?

Suppose he didn't? Who would connect him with Carson's death? No one had seen him come here. They had met at the dark turning into this narrow lane. There was that one moment when he and Carson had stood in the lighted hall, but who could have seen them? He had left no fingerprints. He had touched nothing. There was no motive for his killing Carson. No motive that would occur to anyone. No one knew about Sylvia and Carson. If Carson's body was found dead and robbed, the first thought would be, "He came back and found a burglar, and the burglar went for him."

Now steady, Maxwell adjured himself, you must think this out.

SUPPOSE, he thought, that he were to walk to the club now, and behave there as though nothing had happened? He would excite no comment. He had been in Carson's place only a quarter of an hour. His father would not know when he had left the house; he had been alone in the drawing-room for an hour. It was unlikely that anyone at the club would remember exactly when he arrived. There was nothing to connect him with Carson's death.

His former mood of exhilaration revived. He might very well have committed the perfect crime. Provided no one saw him coming away from the house, he was surely safe. He knelt down and felt for Carson's wallet. It had to look like burglary. The wallet was in his hip pocket. It was not bulky. He looked inside; it was mostly money. He stuffed the wallet in his pocket. There was a gold watch on Carson's wrist. He took it off and put it with the money. *Now, he thought.*

The sooner he was out of here, the better. With his handkerchief round his hand, he switched off the lights. He did not want to show himself in silhouette in the opening doorway.

I'll walk quickly down the lane, he thought. If I see no one, then I'm safe. If I do see anyone, then the game is up. I'll walk straight round to the police station and confess. He felt like a child playing hide-and-seek. Would he be able to get down the lane without being seen? One, two, three, go.

He opened the door and stepped on to the pathway. He had never been more excited in his life. He turned into the lane. At the end of it he could see the roadway. Sixty yards, fifty yards, twenty yards. He lengthened his stride without hastening it. He reached the dark corner where he had waited for Carson; everything depended on the next three seconds. He stepped into the road and swung towards the

"It's getting late," he said. "I'm sorry. You've had a wretched deal." There was a new tenderness in his voice





"Let's go," Euan said. Jocelyn did not move. It was time to get the question of their engagement settled

right. Now he was on safe ground, provided that no one had seen him come out from the lane. No one was ahead of him; was anyone behind? He looked over his shoulder. There was no one there. *I'm safe, safe, safe*, he told himself.

He shortened his stride. There was no need to hurry now. He was where he had every right to be; on the road leading from his father's house to the club. It did not matter who saw him.

At the end of the road he saw the flash of a car's headlights. He stood aside to let the car pass him. He could not see who was inside. In twenty-four hours' time its occupants might be saying, "Do you know what? We went past the lane leading to the house just before seven. At that very moment Carson may have been being murdered."

Maxwell chuckled. He had got away with it. All he had to do now was to keep his head. He'd only to behave as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

He walked through the main gates. The car park was crowded. A big night, clearly. He'd have fifty witnesses to testify in his defence. He turned on to the veranda. As he did so, he was conscious of a hush, of faces turned in his direction.

It was so unexpected that he hesitated, taken off his guard. Then he remembered: Bradshaw's article. They were all wondering how he would take it. "*Behave as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened*"—that was the advice that his father had given

him. It was precisely the same advice that he had been giving himself. Two birds with one stone. He'd show them.

He smiled as he walked towards the bar. Bradshaw was standing there. Maxwell waved at him. Did a look of embarrassment cross his features? He thought it did.

He walked across to Bradshaw and held out his hand.

"Congratulations!" he said.

BRADSHAW started, surprised. He looked down at Maxwell's hand, hesitated, then put his own into it.

It was a flabby handshake. Maxwell's was firm and vigorous.

"That's a fine series of articles. The best things I've read about the island."

He paused. He was conscious of a gathering hush behind him and round him.

"You've said things that needed saying," Maxwell went on. "That conspiracy of silence, those great-aunts that are kept out of sight over the mountains—you've brought it all into the open. You've cleared the air. We shall all be able to meet each other on more straightforward terms. From my own point of view I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"In what way, may I ask?" Bradshaw said.

"In every way! Up to now, you see—"

Maxwell paused. He had meant to shrug it off, with some remark about being able to meet his acquaintances on equal terms, but a fresh idea had come to him. "I'll tell you how it'll help me. In fact, I can give you a very good

example. Am I right in thinking that you were present at that election meeting of mine last night?"

"As a matter of fact, I was."

"It was a fiasco, wasn't it?"

"It was hardly a success."

"I'll say it wasn't, and I'll tell you they didn't trust me: they thought of me as a Fleury, one of the old feudal planters who had bought their ancestors in the market place. They don't want that kind of man to represent them in the Legislative Council. But it'll be different now, after your article. Now I'll be one of them."

It was only in that moment that the idea had come to him, but his mind was moving fast and clearly.

"I'll tell you what I propose to do. They think they've scared me off. Far from it. I'll hold another meeting. I'm going to take your article as my text. I'll say to them, 'As this article tells you, my grandmother was of African ancestry. I am one of you. I combine the new and the old, both races, the black and the white.' I shall explain to them that, though the future lies with the coloured people, they can achieve their ends only by working with the whites; that they should, for a while at any rate, rely upon men like myself who have a foot in both camps. Your article will make all the difference. I'm grateful to you."

HE said it with a chuckle. He was conscious of a stir behind him; partially of disapproval, he suspected. Well, let them dislike it. It would do them good. They'd see him in a new light anyhow.

"You must come out when I make my next speech," he said to Bradshaw. "It'll be in the afternoon this time. Perhaps you could have lunch with us before."

"I'd enjoy that."

"Fine, I'll ring you up. Will you have a drink? I feel I owe you one."

"Well, thank you, yes. A pony rum and soda."

"A full-size one for me." He ordered the drinks, raised his glass to Bradshaw. "Here's luck and gratitude."

Maxwell had left his car outside his father's house. He had chosen to walk so as to clear his head. He returned by the same road on foot.

He slowed down as he passed the dark lane behind the courthouse, turning his head to the left. With what trepidation forty minutes ago he had hurried down it. His future, perhaps his very life, had depended then upon the emptiness of the road. Now it did not matter.

He reached his father's house shortly before eight. Jocelyn was home. She was sitting with her father and mother on the veranda; they all looked sad and tired. They were probably still discussing the same subject.

"It's all right," he told them, "I've fixed it. I took the bull by the horns."

With his back against the railing he described the incident.

"I told Bradshaw," he asserted, "that the article will do more good than anything that's happened in this island since emancipation. I didn't realize it at first, but I do now. It's brought the whole question out into the open. But I mustn't stay here gossiping; I must get back to Belfontaine."

"Won't you have dinner first?"

He shook his head. "No. Thanks very much. Sylvia will be waiting. I rang her from the club."

"When will you be back here next?"

"I've no idea. Possibly not before the elections. I'm going to canvass that district—you'll see how I'll canvass it."

He waved his hand. He hurried toward the door; in the hall he paused. That wallet in his pocket. He needed to have a look at it. He turned into the lavatory below the stairs and

Continued on page 37

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Cold seas can kill a man in an hour. Helicopters and Sproule's net speed up rescues

Scooped to safety

by REX GRIZELL

When an aircraft hits the sea, John Sproule takes to the air. His rescue patrol goes fishing for survivors with a man-sized shrimping net

ONE October day in 1953, an R.A.F. Meteor jet fighter plunged out of the autumn sky. A brief splash, and a slowly widening patch of oil marked its grave seven miles out in the cold, grey English Channel. The pilot and the observer baled out safely and settled themselves in their dinghies ready for a long wait.

Almost at once, they heard the droning of a helicopter. The machine hovered above them, and a line was lowered with a safety belt attached to the end. The Meteor pilot struggled into the strop and was pulled up to the helicopter as an electric winch wound in the line. A few minutes later, the observer was picked up. It was fourteen minutes after the crash.

The pilot of the helicopter, Lieutenant-Commander John Sproule, R.N., then commander of the Search and Rescue Unit at H.M.S. Peregrine, Ford Aerodrome, Sussex, was officially complimented for the speed and efficiency of this rescue, but he was not satisfied with it.

"I was already in the air when I heard by radio that they were in difficulties," he says. "I got there quickly, but it seemed to me that I was hovering for a long time while they struggled to get into the strop. I felt that there must be a quicker way of doing it."

Sproule knew that speed was all important. In the near-freezing winter seas around Britain's coasts, a man could not survive for more than three-quarters of an hour at most, and in many cases only a fraction of that time. Even in summer, the water might be cold enough to kill a pilot who was already in a state of shock.

Men of the rescue team at Ford were drilled so that within ninety seconds of the emergency call, "Scramble," they could have the helicopter in the air and on the way to the trouble. But sometimes a crashed pilot would be prevented by injury or exhaustion from getting himself into the strop.

Sproule didn't like the current method of dealing with that situation. The crewman of the helicopter had to be lowered into the water wearing a double-lift harness into which he buckled the helpless man, and the two of them were hoisted up together. All through the operation, the pilot had to position the aircraft from the crewman's instructions spoken through a throat microphone on a twenty-five foot lead, and, at the same time, he had to lean back to operate the winch. Sometimes, the microphone would come adrift and the pilot would have to fly unguided as well as unsighted.

COMMANDER SPROULE looked for a quicker, safer method of rescue, and one by which he could get a helpless man out of the sea without injuring him. Assisted by his crewman of that time, Chief Petty Officer Tony Lock, Sproule produced a scoop, a large-mesh D-shaped net on a tubular frame eight feet wide. When trawled through the water on the end of the winch wire, it would scoop a man out of the sea as simply as a boy could pick up a ball with a shrimping net.

Day after day, Sproule and his team, using their Westland Sikorsky S.51 Dragonfly helicopter, practised scooping five-gallon oil drums, painted white, out of the sea. Twice a month, reserve pilots of the Channel Air Division, wearing protective clothing, jumped from their dinghies into the sea to be scooped up.

On March 18, 1955, Sproule, normally a quiet, slow-moving man, sped into action when he received a "Scramble" signal from Air Traffic Control. A pilot in a Firefly had sent out a message on Channel Dog, the frequency reserved for international distress calls. The message was: "Engine running badly. Height ten thousand feet. Returning to Ford. Think I can make it." As Sproule rushed for the helicopter, the air traffic controller passed the message to Commander George Baldwin, then commander

Continued on page 46

Fried snake saves us from starvation

In all the scorching wilderness we and the snakes were the only things alive. Then Mister Smith had a plan: "There is nothing a hungry man can't eat"



THE burning sun of the Gobi Desert beat down on us hour after hour. It added my brain and checked the orderly sequence of my thinking until I could imagine that Kristina was still there with us, cheerfully scuffling along just behind my shoulder.

At times the idea of her presence was so strong that I turned my head in a sudden wild flush of hope, and then the bitter grief of her death would knife at me all over again.

I walked painfully and silently on, fighting to blur the memory of Kristina's brave struggle against the mysterious disease that cut her down. And then I could see us all again, seven half-crazy men crying bitterly around her desert grave, blaming ourselves for ever allowing her to join our dangerous bid for freedom.

It was now early September, 1941, four months since our break out from Camp 303, a Russian slave-labour prison in Central Siberia. There was myself, Slavomir Rawicz, a twenty-five year old Polish cavalry officer who had been serving a twenty-five year sentence for "spying." There were my fellow Poles, Makowski and Paluchowicz; Marchinkovas, a quiet Lithuanian architect; Zaro, a Yugoslav and the joker of our party, and Kolenos, a muscular giant of a man.

My particular companion on the march was an American engineer, whom we knew only as Mister Smith. And until a few hours ago there had been Kristina, a seventeen-year-old Polish girl who had joined us in Siberia after fleeing from forced labour on a collective farm.

It took another tragedy to dull the sharp edges of our memory of her. Oddly, too, it relieved some of the load of guilt I felt about her death.

On the eighth day out from the oasis Sigmund Makowski pitched over into the sand. His arms were still at his sides when his face thumped down and he made no effort to use his stick to prevent the fall. He lay there a minute or two and was barely conscious. We looked down at him and saw the tell-tale sign. Over the top of his moccasins the flesh was soft and puffy. His legs were beginning to swell as Kristina's had done.

We exchanged glances and said nothing. We turned him over and flapped our sacks in his face and he recovered quickly. He got to his feet, shook his head from side to side, grabbed his stick and plunged off. He keeled over again and again, but he kept going. And all the time the sickening flabby swelling grew upwards and weighed upon his legs.

MAKOWSKI lasted longer after the first onset than Kristina had done. On the ninth day he must have slumped down half a dozen times in a couple of hours. Then, lying flat and heaving desperately to get himself to his knees, he called out the name of Kolenos. Both Kolenos and I knelt down beside him.

"If you give me a hand to get to my feet, I can keep going."

Kolenos took one arm, I took the other. We got Makowski upright. Feebly he shook our hands off and stood swaying. I felt myself choking as he staggered off like a drunken man, still going forward, but weaving from side to side, stabbing his stick into the yielding sand.

Kolenos took his stick and we put his arms about our shoulders. He swung his head round and gave a bit of a smile. He kept his legs moving, but progressively more weakly so that towards the end of the day he was an intolerable, sagging burden about our necks.

That night he seemed to sleep peacefully and on the morning of the tenth day he was not

As we ran to help we saw that Zaro was an exhausted man. Slowly the snake inched back towards its hole



Eagerly we gathered round the youth. He talked and I talked—and we learned only that we could not understand each other

only alive but appeared to have regained some strength. He set off with the rest of us, and moved unaided for half an hour before his first fall. Then he pitched over repeatedly until Kolenos and I again went to his rescue. When the time came for our noonday halt he was draped about our shoulders like a sack and his legs had all but ceased to move. Mister Smith and Paluchowicz laid him on his back. We put up the shelter and squatted down. He lay quite still and only his eyes seemed to be alive.

After a while he closed his eyes and I thought he had gone, but he was still breathing quietly. He opened his eyes again. Then the lids came down and this time he was dead. There was no spasm, no tremor, no outward sign to show that life had departed the body. Like Kristina, he had no words for us at the end.

The dossier for Sigmund Makowski, aged thirty-seven, ex-captain of the Polish frontier forces

was closed. Somewhere in Poland he had a wife. I would like her some day to know that he was a brave man. We buried him there in the Gobi. Kolenos made another small wooden cross, we said our prayers and left him.

I tried hard to keep count of the days. I tried, too, to remember if I had ever read how long a man can keep alive without food and water. My head ached with the heat. Often the blackest pall of despair settled on me and I felt we were six doomed men toiling inevitably to destruction. With each hopeless dawn the thought recurred: *who will be next?* We were six dried-out travesties of men shuffling, shuffling. Quite openly now we examined our ankles for the first sign of swelling, for the warning of death.

In the shadow of death we grew closer together

than ever before. No man would admit to despair. No man spoke of fear. The only thought spoken out again and again was that there must be water soon. All our hope was in this. Over every arid ridge of hot sand I imagined a tiny stream, and after each waterless vista there was always another ridge to keep the hope alive.

Two days after Makowski's death we were reaching the limits of endurance. I think it was about the twelfth day out from the oasis. We walked only for about six hours, moving along in pairs now. There was no effort to choose partners. The next man was your friend and you held each other up and kept moving. The only life we saw were snakes which lay still, heads showing and bodies hidden in the sand. I wondered how they kept alive. They showed no fear, and we had no desire to molest them.

At the end of that twelfth day I was arm-in-arm with Zaro. Mister Smith and Paluchowicz

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIPHANT

were helping each other along and Kolemenos walked with Marchinkovas. In the middle of the night I felt a fever of desire to get moving again. I think I knew that if the miracle did not happen within the next twenty-four hours we could not expect to survive. I stuck it out until a couple of hours before dawn. Marchinkovas, Zaro and the American were awake, so I shook Kolemenos and Paluchowicz. I rasped at them through my dry and aching throat. I stood up. No one argued.

As I started away they were with me. Paluchowicz stumbled a little at first because he was still not awake and his legs were stiff, but soon we were paired off again and making distance south.

It was easy to imagine in those pre-dawn hours that we were covering ground we had trudged over before, but the first light of the sun showed that we were on course. We tacked from side to side as we walked, two by two, but it seemed to me we had made a remarkable number of tortured miles by the time the heat forced us to rest. It was almost too much trouble to erect our flimsy canopy, but we did it because it was now one of the habits of survival.

We sweated it out for about three hours in throbbing discomfort, mouths open, gasping in the warm desert air over enlarged, dust-covered tongues. I eased the sticky pebble around my sore gums to create a trickle of saliva so that I could swallow. I was at my lowest ebb, working on the very dregs of stamina and resolution. It was the Devil's own job to haul ourselves upright again. We were all perilously weak and dangerously near death.

All my visions of water had been of exquisite cool ponds and murmuring streams. The water that saved our lives was an almost dried-out creek, the moisture compounded with the mud at the bottom of a channel not more than a couple of yards wide.

One by one, we trudged over the last ridge and failed to see it. We were looking for water and this was no more than a slimy ooze which the killing desert was reluctant to reveal to us. We were almost on it before we saw it. We fell on our faces and sucked at the mud and dabbled our hands in it. For a few minutes we acted like demented men. We chewed mud for the moisture it contained and spat out the gritty residue.

It was the American who got the right idea. He swung his sack off his back and thrust a corner down into the mud. He waited some minutes, pulled out the sack and sucked at the damp corner. We followed his example.

We began to talk again for the first time for days, to exchange suggestions. We decided to walk along the watercourse with the idea that if at this point there was dampness, somewhere there must be real water.

THE creek narrowed until it was a mere crack in the ground and here we found water collected in tiny pools in the mud. By pressing down our cupped hands, palms uppermost, we were able to drink, really drink again, to feel water trickling down our parched throats. We drank it, sand, mud and all, in ecstasy. My split, puffed and bleeding lips burned as the water touched them. I held the water in my mouth before swallowing and washed it about my tongue, my tender gums and aching teeth.

For a couple of hours we lay sprawled out exhausted close against the creek. Then we drank some more. Late in the afternoon Zaro pulled off his moccasins and sat with his feet deep in the cool mud. He smiled through his broken lips at the bliss of it and called out to us to join him.

Sitting there in the only comfort we had known since the far-distant oasis, we began to talk, to face up to our still bleak future and to plan. The first fact was that we were starving and near the end of our strength. The second was that, in spite of this God-sent ribbon of

moisture, we were still in the desert and the prospect was unchanged for as many miles ahead as we could see. The first decision was that we would stay here for a night and a day. This night we would sleep and in the morning we would make an extended exploration along the creek, hoping to find at some point flowing water. Where there was water, we reasoned, there might be life, something we could eat.

Early next morning we piled our *fufaikas* in a mound, split into two trios and set off in opposite directions along the creek.

Kolemenos, the American and I in one party walked a mile or more eastwards and found nothing. At times the watercourse disappeared entirely, as though it had gone underground. When we found it again it was still only a damp trail. Reluctantly we concluded that if there were flowing water it must be in some spring inaccessible to us below ground. Two remarkably healthy-looking snakes were the only sign of life we encountered.

WE turned back and arrived at the meeting point. We had some time to wait for Zaro, Marchinkovas and Paluchowicz, and had begun to entertain some hopes that their delayed return might mean good tidings when we saw them approaching. Zaro stretched out his hands palms downwards to indicate that the investigation had produced nothing.

"No luck," said Marchinkovas as they came up to us.

"We found nothing, either," I told them.

We drank more of the brown, turgid water. We bathed our feet again and watched the sun mounting in the sky.

Kolemenos spoke. "All this desert and only us and a few snakes to enjoy it. They can't eat us and we can't eat them."

"Only half true, that statement," said Mister Smith. "It is not unknown for men to eat snakes. American Indians eat them. I have seen tourists in America tempted into trying them. I never tried to eat snake myself. I suppose it's a natural human revulsion against reptiles."

We sat in silence awhile thinking over what he had said.

He broke in on our thoughts. "You know, I think snakes are our only chance. There's hardly anything a hungry man can't eat."

The idea fascinated and repelled at the same time. We talked for a while about it, but I think we all knew that we were going to make the experiment. There was no choice.

"We need a forked stick to catch them," said Marchinkovas, "and we haven't got one."

"No difficulty about that," I told him. "We'll split the bottoms of a couple of our sticks and jam a small pebble into the cleft."

Kolemenos got up off his haunches. "Let's make a start with the sticks straightaway."

We decided to use Zaro's and Paluchowicz's. The splitting was done by Kolemenos with the axe. The wood was bound with thongs above the split and the small stones rammed home. The result was two efficient looking instruments.

"How shall we know if the snakes are poisonous? Shall we be able to eat the poisonous kind?" said Paluchowicz.

"There is nothing to worry about," replied the American. "The poison is contained in a sac at the back of the head. When you have cut off the head you will have also removed the poison."

Apart from catching our meal, there remained one problem—fuel for a fire to do the cooking. We turned out our bags for the bits of tinder we always carried. When they were heaped together the pile was bigger than we had expected. From the bottom of his sack Zaro brought out three or four pats of dried animal dung and solemnly placed them on the collection of hoarded fuel. On another occasion we might have laughed, but smiling through split lips was painful.

"I picked it up at the oasis," said Zaro. "I



Inside the house our host

thought it might be needed for fires some time."

I was sorry that we all had not done as Zaro had done back there. This dried animal waste was excellent fuel which burned slowly and produced fair heat. There had been occasions, too, since the oasis when we had come across little heaps of sun-dried debris deposited by the swirling, dancing whirlwinds which we had seen spiralling across the desert. But we had been too intent on our plodding progress to stop and gather these tiny harvests of the wind. From now on the search for tinder was to be a pre-occupation ranking almost in importance with the hunt for snakes.

Smith and I prepared a fire while the others went off with the two forked sticks. We scratched down through the powdery top sand to the layer of bigger grains below and through that to the bed of small stones beneath. We were looking for a thin flat stone on which to fry our snake. It was fully an hour before we found one. Among the surrounding dunes we had glimpses of the others creeping quietly



regaled us with tea and oaten cakes. He spoke fluent Russian, but we were starving men, too busy filling our empty stomachs

around in their quest for some unsuspecting reptile.

The fire was laid. In the blazing sun the flat stone seemed already hot enough for cooking. Marchinkovas came back to us disconsolate and droop-shouldered.

"The snakes must have heard that we had changed our minds about them," he said wryly. The three of us sat around the unlighted fire in silence for about another half an hour. There came suddenly a great yell from Zaro. We could not see him, but we saw Kolenos and Paluchowicz running in the direction of the sound. As fast as we could, we got up and ran, too.

About fifty yards away Zaro had his snake. His stick was firmly about the writhing body a couple of inches behind the head, and Zaro was exhausted by the strain of holding it there.

It was impossible to judge the size of the creature because all but about six inches of it was hidden, and the wriggling power of the

concealed length was slowly inching the stick back towards the hole.

We were tired, weak, slow and clumsy, and we got in each other's way. Then Paluchowicz jabbed his stick a couple of inches behind Zaro's. I pulled a thong from about my waist, slipped a loop about the snake against the hole and heaved. But there was too much snake inside and too little outside. It was stalemate.

Kolenos settled the issue. The bright blade of his axe swished down and separated the snake's head from its body. The still wriggling length was hauled into the sunlight. The thing was nearly four feet long. It was as thick as a man's wrist, black above, with a creamy-brown belly lightening to a dull cream-white at the throat.

Zaro struck a pose. "There's your dinner, boys."

The thing still twitched as we carried it back to the fire. Under the direction of the American, I started to skin it. I then cut the body lengthwise, cleaned it out, and placed it on the stone

over the fire. We streamed sweat as we sat around the fire. We could not take our eyes off the snake. With our sticks we lifted the stone off, and turned the meat until we thought it was ready to eat.

We squatted round it but nobody seemed in a hurry to start carving it up. We looked at one another. Kolenos spoke. "I am damn hungry." He reached forward. We all went for it at the same time. We ate. The flesh was close-packed and filling. I had thought that the taste might be powerful, even noxious. It was in fact mild, almost tasteless. It had no odour. I was faintly reminded of boiled, unseasoned fish.

"I wish I had thought of snakes earlier," said Mister Smith.

We drank some more of the muddy water, and watched the sun drop from its zenith. We knew that soon we must move again, but we were reluctant to go, to leave this precious ribbon of moisture and launch out again into the unknown, heat-baked country ahead. Sprawled out there, my stomach rumbling as it contended



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½ Stone's Ginger Wine, ½ Whisky—voted the drink of the year at thousands of parties.

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See the difference—Save the difference

with its barbaric new meal, I longed for a smoke. We still had newspaper, but the tobacco had long gone.

No one wanted to bring up the subject of when we should leave, so we talked about other things. All the while I found myself looking at the five of them, taking stock, trying to assess our chances. We were all sick men. Kolenenos had his moccasins off and I could see the inflamed raw patches where blisters had formed on punctured blisters, and I knew that he was no worse off than any of us.

All our faces were so disfigured that our nearest relatives would have had difficulty in recognizing us. Lips were grotesquely swollen and deeply fissured. Cheeks were sunk in. Brows overhung red-rimmed eyes which seemed to have fallen back in their sockets. We were in an advanced state of scurvy and swarming with lice. Only the toothless Paluchowicz escaped the discomfort of teeth rocking loose in sore gums.

In the end no one took the initiative over the departure. There came a time when Kolenenos and Zaro stood up together. We all rose, and gathered our sacks. Into mine went the flat cooking stone. The American carefully stowed away the little pile of fuel. Grimacing, Kolenenos pulled on his moccasins. We drank a little more water. And in the late afternoon we started off.

Many miles we walked that day, until the light of day faded out and the stars came out in a purple-black sky. We slept huddled close together and were awake before dawn to start again.

Half an hour later Paluchowicz stopped with a groan, clutching his belly, doubled up. In the next hour

THE RIPENING YEARS—I

When you become forty, you should take it a little slower, work a little harder, take a little more time to think and you will be all right.

Ex-President Truman

we were all seized with the most violent, gripping pains. What had caused it—the snake-meat or the water? We asked one another this question.

"There's one good way to find out," Kolenenos said. "We'll eat some more snake. I am still hungry."

Marchinkovas shrugged his shoulders. "It will be snakes or nothing."

Paluchowicz gasped with another spasm of stomach-ache. "May God help us!" he said, fervently.

Unquestionably the snakes of the Gobi saved us from death. We caught two within minutes of each other the next day. One was like the common European grass snake, the other arrayed in the brilliance of a silver-grey skin marked down the back with a dull red broad stripe. We did not like these two coloured snakes as much as we had the first capture. They were thinner-bodied and we imagined that they tasted less pleasant. I think the colours affected our judgment.

As we trudged on, there were days when we caught not a glimpse of a snake. Another day and we would pick up a couple in a morning's search. We ate them at once.

The days dragged by, and almost imperceptibly the terrain was changing. The yellow sand was deepening in colour, the grains were coarser, the smooth-topped dunes taller. The sun still burned its shrivelling way across the blue, unclouded heavens, but now there were days when a gentle breeze sighed out from the south and there was a hint of coolness in its caress.

It might have been a week or eight days after leaving the creek that we awoke to discover in a quickening of excitement and hope a new horizon. The day was sharply clear. Far over to the east, perhaps fifty miles away, shrouded in a blue haze like lingering tobacco smoke, a mountain range towered. Directly ahead there were

also heights, but they were mere foothills compared with the eastward eminences. So uninformed were we of Central Asian geography that we speculated on the possibility that the tall eastern barrier could be the Himalayas, that we might now even be on the threshold of India. We were to learn that the whole considerable north-to-south expanse of Tibet, ruggedly harsh and mountainous, lay between us and the Himalayas.

We plodded on for two more exhausting, heartbreaking days before we reached firm ground, a waste of lightly sanded rocks. We lay there in the extremity of our weakness and looked back at our tracks through the sand. There were no defined footmarks, only a dragging trail such as skis make in snow. Lifeless and naked, the rocky ridge sloped easily into the distance above us.

In my mind was the one thought that over the hump there might be water. We rested a couple of hours before we tackled the drag upwards. We took off our moccasins and emptied them of sand. We brushed the fine dust from beneath our toes. Then we went up and out of the Gobi.

Over the ridge there was more desolation. By nightfall we had dropped down into a stone-strewn valley, and in the morning we climbed again. There was no talking because none of us could spare the breath, and movement of the lips was agony. We hauled ourselves along through a faint dawn mist and did not reach this next summit for several hours.

From the top there was the view again of the great range to the east, looking even more formidable than before. Ahead there seemed to be an unbroken succession of low ridges corrugating the country as far as we could see. Below us the floor of the valley appeared to be covered with sand and we decided to get down before dark to search for snakes.

It was the merest accident that we did not miss the water on our way down. We had all passed it when Zaro turned round and yelled the one wonderful word. There was no more than a trickle from a crack in a rock, but it glistened like silver. The water was sparkling, clean and ice-cold. We channelled the tiny stream to a point where we could lead it into our battered and much-travelled metal mug, and sat down impatiently to watch it fill.

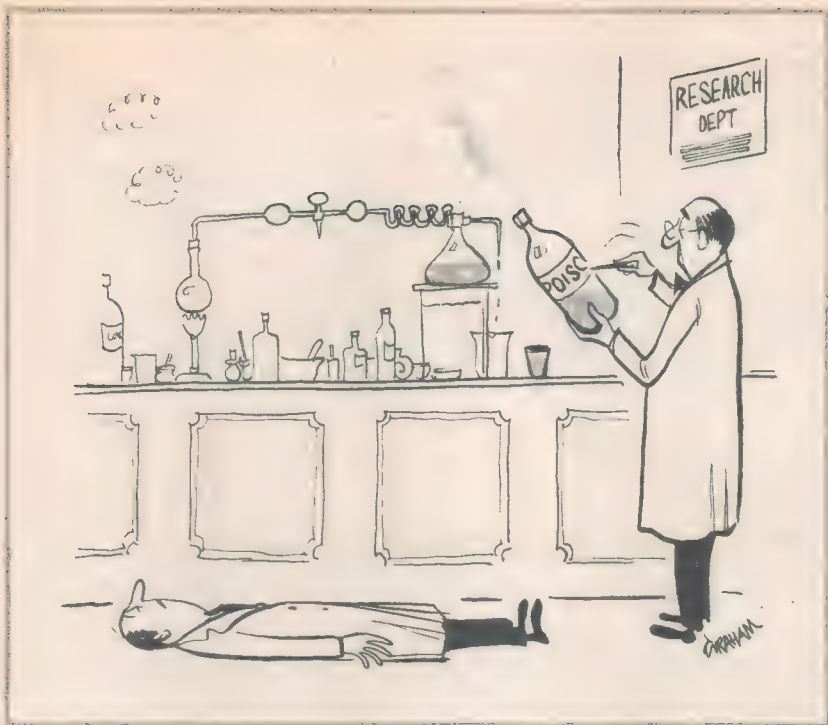
The water tinkled musically into the mug until it was brimming. Carefully Zaro lifted it away and I noticed that his hand was trembling, so that some of the water spilled over. He faced Smith and with a bow, and in imitation of the Mongolian etiquette of serving the senior first, handed him the water. The mug was passed round and each man took a gulp. No nectar of the gods could have tasted so wonderful. Again and again we filled the mug and drank. And then we left it, full and running over under the life-giving spring, so that any man could drink whenever he felt like it.

The time was around the middle of the day. We agreed readily that we should stay close to the spring for another twenty-four hours, but up here on the hillside nothing lived—and we were very hungry. Zaro and I went down into the sandy valley to search for a snake.

SOON I heard Zaro let out a whoop of triumph. I ran to him and found him pinning down a Big Black which was thrashing about desperately in an effort to break free. We killed it and took it back to the spring.

Paluchowicz laid a fire from our remaining sticks on which was placed the last piece of camel dung which Zaro had gathered at the oasis. There was not enough heat to cook the meat thoroughly, but we were too hungry to be squeamish. We ate and we drank as the sun went down.

The wearing trek went on day after day, until one morning we breasted the top of a long rise and looked unbelievably into a wide-spreading valley far below which showed the lush green of grazing grass. Still more exciting, there was a flock of about a hundred sheep, crawling like specks five miles



or more distant from and below us. We made the descent fast, slipping and sliding in our eagerness to get down. As we got nearer the sheep, we saw two dogs, long-coated liver-and-white collie types. They came racing round the flock to take up station between us and their charges.

Kolemenos growled, "I only need to get near enough to a sheep for one swing of my old axe. . . ."

"Don't get impatient, Anastazi," I told him. "It is fairly obvious that the shepherd has sent the dogs over here to intercept us. Let us see if they will lead us to their master."

We turned pointedly away. The dogs watched us closely. Then, apparently satisfied that they had headed us away from the sheep, they ran off. We saw that they were making for a thin wisp of smoke a mile away.

"A fire at midday can only mean cooking," said Marchinkovas hopefully.

The fire was burning in the lee of a rocky outcrop against which had been built a one-man shelter of stones. Seated there was an old man with his two dogs, tongues lolling, lying beside him.

He spoke to his dogs as we neared him and they got up and raced off back to the flock. Steaming over the fire was a black iron cauldron. The American went to the front and approached, bowing. The old man rose, smiling, returned the bow, and then bowed to each of us in turn.

He was white-bearded. The high cheek-bones in his broad, square face showed a skin which had been weathered to the colour of old rose-wood. He wore a warm goatskin cap with earflaps turned up over the crown in the fashion of the Mongols we had met in the north.

There was no doubt of his friendliness and his pleasure at the arrival of unexpected visitors. He talked eagerly and it was some time before he realized that we did not understand a word. I spoke in Russian and he regarded me blankly. It was a great pity because he must have been looking forward to conversation and the exchange of news. He motioned us to sit near the fire, and resumed the stirring of the pot which our coming had interrupted.

As he wielded his big wooden spoon he made another attempt at conversation. He spoke slowly. It was no use. For a while there was silence. Mister Smith cleared his throat. He gestured with his arm around the group of us. "We," he said slowly in Russian, "go to Lhasa."

The shepherd's eyes grew intelligent. "Lhasa, Lhasa," Smith repeated, and pointed south. From inside his jacket the old fellow pulled out a prayer-wheel which looked as if it had been with him for many years. The religious signs were painted on parchment, the edges of which were worn with use. He pointed to the sun

and made circles, many of them, with his outstretched arm.

"He is trying to tell us how many days it will take us to reach Lhasa," I said.

"His arm's going round like a wind-mill," observed Zaro. "It must be a hell of a long way from here."

We bowed our acknowledgment of the information. From his pocket he produced a bag of salt and invited us to look into the cauldron as he sprinkled some in. We crowded round and saw a bubbling, greyish, thick gruel. He stirred again, brought out a spoonful, blew on it, smacked his lips, tasted and finally thrust out his tongue and ran it round his lips. He chuckled at us like a delighted schoolboy and his good humour was so infectious that we found ourselves laughing aloud in real enjoyment for the first time for months.

THE next move by the old man had almost a ritualistic air. From his shack he produced an object wrapped in a linen bag. He looked at us, eyes twinkling, and I could not help thinking of a conjurer building up suspense for the trick which was to astound his audience.

He opened the bag and reached into it. Into the sunlight emerged a wooden bowl about five inches in diameter and three inches deep, beautifully turned, shining with care and use, of a rich walnut brown colour. He blew on it, brushed it with his sleeve and handed it round. It was indeed the work of a craftsman. We handed it back with murmurs of appreciation.

Into the bowl he ladled a quantity of gruel and laid it on the skin rug. He disappeared into the shack and came out with an earthenware jar. It held about a gallon of ewes' milk, a little of which he added to the gruel in the bowl. He handed the bowl and spoon to Zaro, who ate a spoonful, smacked his lips and made to pass the bowl around. The shepherd gently held his arm and indicated he was to finish the portion.

Zaro made short work of it. "By God, that tastes wonderful!" he exclaimed.

It was my turn next. The main ingredient seemed to be barley, but some kind of fat had been added. The sweet, fresh milk had cooled the mixture a little, and I fairly wolfed it down. I could feel the soothing warmth of it reaching my ill-treated stomach. I belched loudly, smacked my lips and handed back the bowl.

When we had all eaten he took the cauldron off the fire, moving it with some difficulty because it had no handle, although I noticed that there were the usual two holes in the rim. To our joy he then produced tobacco from a skin pouch and handed us each enough for two or three cigarettes. Out came

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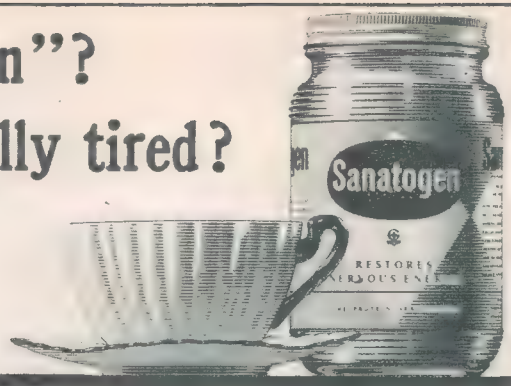
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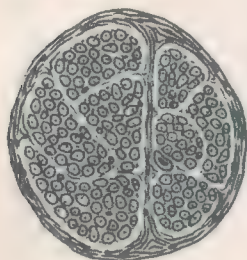
Your nerves need Sanatogen

It may surprise you, when you complain of feeling “run down” and continually tired, with no energy or inclination to tackle your daily tasks, that your doctor should diagnose this as *nervous* exhaustion. But doctors know that when your symptoms cannot be traced to any definite physical cause, then the root of your trouble must be “nerves”.

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Sanatogen is not a drug, to provide quick and temporary relief, but a *tonic* of true lasting value. Remember, it may have taken months for your “nerves” to reach their present state. Restoring them to health cannot be achieved overnight. That is why it is important that you continue to take Sanatogen regularly until your health and strength are completely restored.



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30

FOR ALL FORMS OF “NERVES”

WORRY To worry continually is neither normal nor healthy, and can usually be traced to some nervous disturbance. If, then, you seem to worry more than other people, it is more than likely that your “nerves” are to blame.



DEPRESSION Your whole outlook is profoundly influenced by your nervous mechanism. If you are subject to constant depression, it is probably a sign that your “nerves” are at fault.

INDIGESTION The acid secretion and digestive movements of the stomach are under the direct control of the nervous system. Consequently, any nervous upset such as worry or overwork can cause gastric discomfort, heartburn, even pain.

IRRITABILITY In nearly every case of normally healthy people becoming irritable and bad-tempered, the trouble can be traced to “nerves”.

IN CONVALESCENCE Physical weakness is often accompanied by symptoms of nervous tension which can seriously retard recovery. Sanatogen’s strengthening properties are of particular benefit at this trying time.

From 7/6



our pieces of hoarded newspaper. We lit up with glowing brands from the fire, while our generous host sat cross-legged and basked in our smiles.

Away he went after about half an hour, refusing offers of help, to wash the cauldron and the precious bowl at a nearby spring. I felt I wanted to do something for the old man; I said to Kolenos, “Let’s make him a handle for his cauldron out of one of our spare wire loops.” Everybody thought it an excellent idea. It took us only about thirty minutes to break off a suitable length, shape it and fasten it. Our host was delighted.

We tried to think of some other service we could render. Someone suggested that we forage for firewood. We were away about an hour and came back with a pile of stuff. The shepherd had been waiting for our return. As we came in he was finishing sharpening his knife on a smooth piece of stone. He made us sit down and, with his dogs at his heels, strode off.

He returned shortly dragging a young ram, which he then butchered with practised skill. Half the sheep was roasted on wooden spits over the blazing fire that night, and we ate again to repletion.

We made signs that we would like to stay overnight and he seemed only too willing. The six of us slept warm around the fire, while the shepherd lay the night inside his hut. Next morning he produced a batch of rough barley cakes—three each was our share. There was tea, and to our astonishment, because we thought the limit of hospitality must already have been reached, the rest of the ram was roasted and shared out, and a little more tobacco distributed.

We left him in the early afternoon, after first restocking his fuel store. We did not know how to thank him for his kindness. Gently we patted his back and smiled at him. At last we stood off a few feet from him and bowed low, keeping our eyes, according to custom, on his face. Gravely he returned the salute. As we walked away I glanced back. He was sitting with his back to us, his dogs beside him. He did not look round.

I think it probable that at the time we encountered the old shepherd we had not even entered Tibet, but had come out from the desert into the narrow neck of the Chinese province of Kansu, lying along the north-eastern border of Tibet. The time then was about the beginning of October, 1941, and it was to take us over three months to cover about fifteen hundred miles of difficult country to the Himalayas.

We came across our first village some five days after leaving the shepherd. It was a cluster of ten small box-like houses nestling on a hillside like a child in the crook of its mother’s arm. Each house was about twenty feet by twelve feet, roofed with overlapping wide boards weighted down with stones.

A closer view of the village revealed the presence of a number of children, some chickens, goats and the first yaks any of us had ever seen outside a zoo. At a leisurely shuffle, strung out in

couples, we came near to the first house and stopped, interested in the novel spectacle of a man harnessing a yak to a high two-wheeled cart.

We stood our distance as the villager turned towards us. We bowed, our eyes on his young, flat, glistening face. Punctiliously he returned the salutation. The children watched silently. Kolenos and I stepped forward a few paces, smiling. The children broke out into a chatter at the impressive stature of the big man with his long blond beard and hair.

We stood in front of the villager and bowed again. He talked and I talked, but all the pair of us learned was that we could not understand each other. The villager then motioned us to follow.

At about the middle of the uneven row of houses he stopped. This dwelling followed the same unassuming pattern as the others, but it was distinguished from them by being slightly larger and having a porch formed of two sturdy timbers at its door.

“This looks interesting,” Mister Smith whispered to me as the man disappeared through the door.

“I think he’s gone inside to fetch the mayor,” said Zaro.

THERE was no time for further speculation. Almost as though he had been waiting behind the door, a new figure emerged through the porch. I judged him to be about fifty and he wore the normal dress of the country topped with a loose jacket of sheepskin.

He was a little taller than the average Mongolian and, though as dark as any of them, his features were not of so pronounced a Mongolian cast. We exchanged the usual greetings before he spoke in the language of the country. I shook my head and replied in slow, precise Russian. His face lit up, he beamed at me.

“Welcome!” he said in Russian. “Now we shall be able to talk.”

We were rather taken aback. He spoke Russian easily and without hesitation. I had to remind myself that so far south of the Soviet Union there could be no danger in a chance encounter with a Russian.

He waited a moment for me to reply and when I did not he went on eagerly, “I am a Circassian and it is a long time since I met anyone who could speak Russian.”

“A Circassian?” I repeated. “That is most interesting.” I could not think of anything less banal to say.

His questions tumbled over themselves. “Are you pilgrims? It is not many Russians who are Buddhists. You came through the Gobi on foot?”

“Yes, on foot.”

“It must have been a terrible experience for you. Once I nearly died myself on that journey.”

He was going to ask more questions, but suddenly recollected his duty as a host. He apologized and invited us into his home. We trooped inside. A stone partition divided the one big room and I caught a glimpse of a woman I took to be his wife hustling

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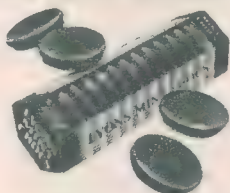


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Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 34



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

three or four children out of the front half to the kitchen at the rear.

Little details leaped into notice—a few shining tin mugs, a row of wooden spoons on a shelf, a bunch of hanging dried herbs and, most oddly, in one corner a framed six-inch-square lithograph of Saint Nicholas in the Russian Orthodox style, much faded behind its glass pane. There were wooden benches, solidly made, a stone cooking range, a heavy wooden bucket with a boat-shaped dipper, a flour mill, a primitive wool-spinning machine.

Around the walls were wooden bunks covered with home-woven rough wool blankets. Soon we were being regaled with tea and oat cakes. Nobody spoke much until the food had gone. We were too busy filling our empty stomachs. Then our host produced a pipe and handed round a bowl of tobacco.

"So you are going to Lhasa," he said between puffs of his pipe. He said it politely as a conversational gambit. I do not think he necessarily believed it. "Don't forget," he warned us, "that the nights are fiercely cold, especially on the heights. You must never be tempted to seek sleep without adequate shelter. You must never be too tired to build yourselves a fire. If you go to sleep unprotected on the mountains you will be dead in the morning. It is a swift death and you will never know it is happening."

"You are going in the right direction for Lhasa. There is a track from here for the next stage of your journey which you will find easy to follow. Tonight, you must all stay here and in the morning I will show you how to go. These tracks can be confusing and in following them you must keep your sense of direction. Some of them lead only from village to village in a small area and you would waste a lot of time on them. They are almost family affairs, trails beaten out over centuries."

"If you come across any village towards nightfall, stay there until the morning. You will always have a roof over your heads and be given a meal. No one will ask you for payment."

"Our trouble," Mister Smith broke in, "is that we do not know the language."

Our host smiled. "That is not such a handicap. If you bow to a Tibetan and he bows back, no other introduction is needed. You are accepted as a friend."

In the early evening we were treated to a meal of roasted mutton which one of the Circassian's elder sons had killed soon after our arrival. After the evening meal half-a-dozen men neighbours joined the party, packing the room to

its limits. The hard-working Tibetan wife made more tea. Each of the visitors produced proudly a fine wooden bowl of the kind which the lone shepherd had shown us five days before. Here again it was evident that these were precious possessions.

"What is so precious about these bowls?" I asked our host.

"Do you know," he replied, "that a man will sometimes trade two yaks for one of these?"

"But why are they so precious?" "Because they just cannot be made in these mountain districts. They are fashioned with great skill from a special kind of hardwood which does not crack. Age increases their polish and their value. One of the reasons they are kept in linen bags is that the cloth improves the shine by constant rubbing against the wood."

The men drank tea from their bowls and then the bowls were taken away and washed. Although they all looked alike to me, each man knew his own, and they were affectionately stowed in their bags before the pipes were brought out and the tobacco handed round.

THAT night we slept in the bunks—our first night under a roof since our escape. For the first time I felt able to relax. I had a glorious, warm feeling of complete safety, and my sleep was deep and refreshing. The household had long been astir when we awoke. We bathed in a stream and returned to the house, where we were given another meal.

Our host's wife came in carrying a wooden patten piled with flat oat cakes. The Circassian handed them to us with a smile, saying that we were to take them for our journey. There was one other parting gift—a fine fleece which he passed over with the wish that it might be used to make new footwear or repair our worn moccasins. We never did use it for that purpose, but later it made us some excellent mittens to shield our hands from the mountain cold.

He walked with us out of the village and pointed out our way. "Some of the tracks you will follow will not be easy to find," he warned. "Don't look for them at your feet; look ahead into the distance—they show up quite clearly then."

We thanked our host and left him there, a little knot of children at his heels. When we turned round he made a most un-Mongolian gesture—he waved to us. The last we saw of him was a figure still waving farewell.

NEXT WEEK: Our nightmare ascent of the icy Himalayas

The Marksman Who Overshot Himself

Continued from page 17

ignore. Among his opponents was one whose name everyone knew: Johnny Weismuller, ex-swimming champion of the world and ex-Tarzan of the cinema.

The ageing Tarzan was not perhaps in the same class, but he ran Touchard close at New York, and again at Detroit. As the years went on, Roger introduced a new and faintly disquieting competitor from behind the Iron Curtain. This was Doctor Popp, of Hungary. There is a touch of genius about Doctor Popp. His title irresistibly suggests the ballistics expert rather than the pure marksman. Silent, bespectacled, studious, blazing away under the daunting eye of a political commissar, the doctor agreeably flavours the exotic Latin dash of Arroyo and Jimenez with the iron of the Marxian dialectic.

These figures, all born in the hotel bedroom in the rue Vignon, soon became creatures of flesh and blood to the inhabitants of Bernay; and the reticent Roger, pressed for anecdotes, was obliged to embroider their personalities. What a great gentleman, for instance, was the Argentinian Jimenez! It was he who, in the London championship of 1950—held curiously enough in Trafalgar Square—sportingly lent his revolver to the Norman when Touchard's jammed during the last, all-important "ten rounds rapid." Needless to say, even with a strange weapon, Touchard pulverized the "bull" to add another title to his list.

Then there was Delafenetre, the Frenchman from Paris, Touchard's travelling companion, a dimmer figure. Delafenetre was a marksman, too. Not, naturally, of Touchard's calibre, but a fine shot, nevertheless, and a devoted friend. It was Delafenetre who prepared the champion's food, which Roger took with him from France wherever he went for fear that he might be poisoned by his jealous rivals.

The life of a reigning rifle champion was hard, Touchard admitted. Crossing to Dover, the Channel steamer ran into a gale and nearly foundered. Lightning struck Roger's Constellation as it toiled through the terrible head winds above

THE RIPENING YEARS—2

What is a great life? It is the dreams of youth realized in old age.

Alfred de Vigny

the Andes in 1953. In London, again, a drunken Englishman assaulted him at the firing point. At Madison Square Garden, the crowd's enthusiasm reduced his plus fours to ribbons. Such trials, however, were softened by romance. Touchard hinted, but with manly delicacy—the "locomotor imagination" was going full speed ahead—at the existence of a beautiful American who breathlessly followed his fortunes "in the capitals of the new world."

By 1953—the year of the mayoral reception—he was the most eligible and popular of the "boys" around Bernay. Still throwing the hammer, still presiding over the activities of the "Marksmen of Le Favril," Roger found time to lead a lively five-piece dance band in which, appropriately enough, he made a lot of noise on the drums.

"Roger," says Briere nostalgically, speaking of this period, "was the life and soul of the party." The party had another two years to run.

There had been, to be sure—for nothing is perfect—an unpleasant moment in the winter of 1949 when the official paper of the French Union of Rifle Clubs had expressed more than surprise at Touchard's unheard of score of four thousand points out of four thousand achieved at Madison Square Garden (Arroyo and Tarzan tied for



In my view you **MUST** cook by gas. Why? Because only gas gives instant control".

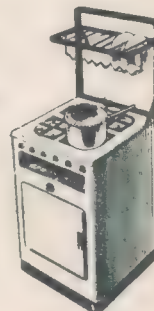
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On Bodmin Moor a blizzard rages. The car is stuck and becoming rapidly buried. Mr. Fripp escapes through the sunshine roof to safety. "The first thing I asked for," he says, "was a steaming beaker of hot Bovril."

Her driver husband survived 9 hour blizzard ordeal



A long journey is before him. And it's a cold, wet night. But Mr. Fripp enjoys driving. Mrs. Fripp sees him off. "Since his ordeal on Bodmin Moor," she says, "I make sure he has Bovril with him."



An evening together. A rare thing in this family and a big occasion. Mr. Fripp helps Ronald with his stamps. His wife and daughter knit. "We all like a cup of Bovril before bed," says Mrs. Fripp.

'Bovril put new life into him,'

says Mrs. Fripp of Leamington Spa
Mrs. Fripp's husband delivers new cars. He drives for long hours, often at night, often in the worst possible weather. Last February a fierce blizzard caught him on Bodmin Moor. Snow buried the car. Mr. Fripp's only way out was through the sunshine roof. 9 hours later, after struggling through shoulder-high drifts, he reached Bodmin. Soaked through. Exhausted.

"The first thing I insisted on was steaming-hot Bovril," he says. "Its warmth and stimulation were really amazing. The beef brought back life into me and saved me from a severe chill or even pneumonia."

Needed by the whole family

"Now," says Mrs. Fripp, "I never let him go on a long trip without his flask of Bovril." Her home, in Kinross Road, and her family keep this young-looking mother busy. She also works in a Leamington shop.

Her two sturdy, healthy children love their Bovril, she says. And adds, "Bovril is a necessary grocery in our house. We like it as a drink and in soups. Not enough people know how good it is."

BOVRIL
puts beef into you

second place, Dr. Popp was nowhere) but Touchard shrugged off the libel as the product of ignorance and envy.

Any suspicion that this incident might have caused was snuffed out eighteen months later when, under an archway of rifles and Robin Hood bows, the world champion led Fernande Fillocque to the altar in the little church of de La Chapelle-Hareng. La Fernande, a timorous brunette, was not particularly struck on rifle shooting and it is ironical to remember that it was she who indirectly brought Roger to disgrace.

However Fernande fared, Roger, as usual, came out of the match a winner. The Fillocques were prosperous farmers and the modern house their daughter brought him in dowry was a pleasant change from the somewhat depressing farm—without electricity—at Le Favril. Touchard bought himself several suits of plus fours and a speedy Simca sports car. A champion, he explained, had to look the part.

The globe-trotting began again. But by this time the Furies, in their modern disguise of the Law of Diminishing Returns, were breathing down Roger's back. It was now no longer good enough to win at Detroit, Lisbon, or even Valparaiso. Becoming blasé, but still believing, his admirers demanded more resounding titles, more romantic shores. To any but a vainglorious mythomaniac, the time had clearly come to hang up the Swedish rifle and retire. Instead of which, Roger decided to apply the full treatment.

In October, 1953, the International Federation of Professional Riflemen announced its most ambitious and exacting championship—the grandiose Challenge of the Four Cities. This meant shooting, on successive nights, in New York, Chicago, Toronto and Mexico City for a prize, unspecified but amounting to several thousand dollars, which was the highest yet offered in the history of international marksmanship.

Having made this exhausting circuit of four thousand miles round his room in the hotel in the rue Vignon, Roger typed out his usual report for the papers, amused himself in Paris for a week and returned to Bernay, glad to have another year's chore behind him.

There, with André Briere working overtime with his targets, Touchard settled down happily with the prospect of eight months farming à la gentleman before the world competitions of 1954, to be held, he gave out, in Toronto and spicy Caracas, in Venezuela.

Reports on Touchard's personal characteristics are contradictory, but it is generally held that excessive generosity was not one of them. His friends, then, were agreeably surprised to know that, besides the Challenge of the Four Cities, he had brought back from Mexico a diamond bracelet costing

£1,000—for his wife. This pleasing gesture was the most disastrous of the champion's career. Roger duly presented the ornament to Fernande. Fernande wore it. The public admired it. Her father had it valued. It was paste—worth sixteen shillings.

It will never be known whether it was something suspect in the diamonds, or in Roger, which provoked this unsporting action. The fact remains that henceforward Monsieur Fillocque referred to his son-in-law as "the world's champion line-shooter"—and the first doubts were in the air.

That Roger kept the fraud alive during another eighteen months says a great deal for his phlegm and pugnacity, because others, besides Fillocque père, were beginning to suspect that they had been taken for a long and humiliating ride. Monsieur Vannier, an official of the local rifle club, got to work with a map, dividers and air line time-tables to show that the circuit of the Four Cities was impossible in four nights. A Monsieur Pauchard, eager to become a Federated Professional Rifleman, sounded Roger as to how this could be done—Roger was evasive. A journalist asked for an interview—Roger was out.

In Paris, nevertheless, his prestige was higher than ever. In the corridors of the Chancery, far from village gossip, Touchard's name was being mentioned as worthy of appearing in the next "promotion" of the Legion of Honour—under the patronage of the Department of Youth and Sport. In July, inflated with the thought of the glory to come, Touchard flew off for Toronto and Caracas.

It was to be the last time that he would meet Arroyo and Dyson, Tarzan and Doctor Popp, although there is nothing to show that Touchard knew it. When he returned from Canada, victorious as usual and more honest than ever, the opposition was grimly ganging up, and it was obvious that not even the beribboned rifle in Monsieur Dupuy's display window could delay the issue much longer.

A certain Delange, remembering that he had friends in Toronto, wrote asking them for particulars of the championship—and was informed that it had never taken place. Monsieur Pauchard, returning to the attack, wrote direct to the International Federation of Professional Riflemen at Uccle, Belgium; the letter came back "address unknown." Finally, a commando of angry marksmen, with the connivance of his father-in-law, managed to seize Roger's passport: its validity had lapsed years before. . . .

With the unmasking of Roger Touchard, Normandy lost its last world champion. Two years ago, Marie I, that glorious and phenomenal cow, succumbed to wounds received when a local sportsman, mistaking her swishing tail for a partridge, shot her fatally in the udder. To those with a nose for poetical coincidence, it is satisfying to consider that both these prodigies were cut off at their zenith by the depredations of ballistic excess.

In Bernay, after the storm, the general attitude is rueful-defensive. Some of his most fervent ex-admirers would have Roger cast into prison for fraud; others simply demand that he leave the district. But on one point there is perfect solidarity. Those who subscribed to the bronze statuette bought in his honour, or purchased his photograph and targets in the days of his glory, are clamouring to have their cash returned. Touchard might have been bogus and a disgrace to his country, but money is still money in the Eure department of France.

To the average Bernayan who is not also a marksman, Roger is something far more reprehensible than a vulgar liar. He offended against a profound national characteristic: the French love of moderation.

"Touchard," says the editor of the *Bernay Watchman* sadly, "est allé un peu trop fort"—"he pitched it a little too strong."

For once, the English euphemism could be more apt.

Roger Touchard, we would decide, merely overshot himself. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 32



THERE are all sorts of restrictions on kite flying, says a barrister-at-law. Two Victorian Acts make it an offence to fly a kite in the street to the annoyance of passers-by, and the Act which applies to London makes kite-flying unlawful in "any public place." On top of that, the Air Navigation Order of 1954 provides that nobody shall fly a kite anywhere within three miles of an aerodrome without the written permission of the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation. Defiance of the order could result in a fine of £200 and six months' imprisonment.

The perfect
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Glacier
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for long evenings by the fire

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

Ginger

Continued from page 14

lowered his head. Raised it. Strolled across to some trees. Derek drove away. He did not look back. . . .

Four nights later, a shadow shut off the moonlight in his bedroom. For a moment the window was curtained, there was a gentle thud, and an animal lay down on the floor beside him in the darkness. He could hear a tongue on paws. Ginger was back. . . .

Derek could have taken the tiger an even greater distance away, could have found jungles farther and wilder, but the villagers objected to the cub's release anywhere, and, of course, they were right.

Derek wrote to the zoo. They had plenty of tigers, they replied, but would accept another, provided he wanted no payment for it.

So he made another journey with his tiger, and saw him into his cage. He observed that the other animals in the collection seemed well cared for, and he went away.

"Let me know how he gets on," he said.

A week later the zoo wrote: "Your tiger will not eat."

Derek's time was limited, but he made the journey immediately.

When he arrived, he found Ginger lying patiently with his face to the bars, watching the door by which his master had gone out. Now, when he saw Derek, he got up. He was shaky, and his belly empty—Derek could see that—but he growled thunderous pleasure and lashed his tail and waited to be taken home. Derek saw that already all down his tummy was the spare fold of skin of zoo tigers, however well they may be fed and tended.

While his master was there, Ginger

THE RIPENING YEARS—3

Those who love deeply never grow old. They may die of old age, but they die young.

Arthur Pinero

had a good meal. Then Derek had to leave again.

Three weeks later the zoo wrote: "Regret to inform you the tiger is ill."

And the next day: "The young male tiger presented by you to this zoo died last night. No visible cause of death."

Derek sat that evening on the veranda of the empty whitewashed bungalow where he happened to be for the night, in which his few bits of camp furniture did little to break the echoes. He'd got a pile of office work to get through, but he kept stopping and looking into space.

Never again! Nothing ever again!

Then his eyes came back to see things that were really there, and he saw a small boy from the local village standing in front of him with a *chital* fawn in his arms.

"What shall I do with this?" asked the boy.

"Where did you get it?"

"A panther killed the mother, and my buffaloes disturbed the panther, and we came up and found this."

"I see."

The fawn was no bigger than a rabbit. It sat folded in the boy's arms and flicked its large ears, and gazed with great dark eyes that had not yet learned to dread man. The dappled coat of golden brown was perfect and tender, vulnerable to all the things that life could do to it.

When Derek took the little creature into his hands, whose touch every animal recognized, he saw that the hooves were smaller than his thumb-nail. As he looked, the fawn licked him.

A smile twisted his face. At least, it might have been a smile.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

THE END

This girl knows — slimness pays dividends

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Ryvita — the delicious crunchy crispbread made from whole natural rye — has more than a little to do with the world's loveliest figures, happiest women. *Make Ryvita your crisp daily bread and see what it does for you.*



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Demulcents have a special kind of prolonged moistening effect on the tender membranes of the throat. That is why Veno's, which is 90% demulcent, is so quick to relieve the tickle responsible for nearly all irritating, exhausting coughs. The quick way to stop a cough, and so to get to sleep, is the safe demulcent way . . . the Veno's way. Give Veno's to your children; take it yourself.



x marks the membranes

X in the diagram shows the membranes where irritation arises. The special demulcent qualities of Veno's Cough Mixture quickly soothe away this irritation.

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Sip a teaspoonful of Veno's. Sip it slowly. Feel its soothing warmth cover the wide area at the back of your throat—the tender membranes between the top of the windpipe and the tonsils.

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Available at all Chemists
2/3d., and family size 3/6d.

One Jump Ahead

Continued from page 9

scrimmage by twisting a cosh from the man he was struggling with and laying him out with a right to the jaw.

"He's all yours, Sergeant, so call out the guard." Blake wiped blood from a gash over one eye. "What a little scrapper! Didn't think he had it in him."

The man was the "casual" Miriam had taken on against Blake's advice. He lay sprawled on his back, his greasy black hair twitching as he recovered.

"Thought I saw him hanging back when we went to bed," Blake explained. "I slept on it for an hour, then came down just in case. Good job I did!"

The safe in the office had been forced and a considerable sum taken from it, as well as the valuables the guests had deposited for the night. They were intact, in the bag the man had dropped. But for Blake, the coup could have ruined the Moorlands.

Dawson telephoned the police while Miriam, who had followed him down, fetched brandy at Blake's suggestion. He took a nip and gave a larger one to the man he had knocked out.

"The last you'll taste for the next few years, so make the most of it," he said. "Miriam, we don't want a fuss. County folk are tetchy about burglars."

The police took the waiter away. After Miriam had patched Blake's cut forehead, she and Dawson went back to bed.

"You can't tell him to go now," she said, in a muffled voice. "I was wrong about him, Tom, and you were right. Let him stay as long as he likes."

Dawson didn't answer. The prospect appalled him, but he saw no way out of it. He lay by Miriam's side holding her hand, knowing they would drift farther apart through no fault of their own, or Blake's. By Miriam's code, and his as well, Blake had proved worthy of his salt. From now on they were honour bound to let him unwittingly wreck their marriage.

By the morning, Blake had already forgotten the night's events. Dawson came from answering telephone calls from newspapers to find him discussing the Easter brochure with Miriam.

"Give them special low terms, and once we've got them here they'll come again in the summer," he was saying animatedly. "At the ball I had a chunter with old Tomlinson, who runs the ritzy travel agency. I think I can get him to put the Moorlands on his list." He paused and grinned at Dawson. "Talking like an hotelier, aren't I? Mustn't outstay my welcome."

"You'll never do that," Miriam told him, with a light in her eyes that made Dawson bite his lip. "Tom and I are agreed on that. You're very important to our plans, isn't he, Tom?"

DAWSON tried, but couldn't play ball. "You must let the Captain make his own plans," he said genially. "An electrified fence wouldn't keep him where he didn't want to be."

"I landed on my feet that time," Blake reflected, "as I always have, with one exception. I like the Moorlands, and if you're satisfied I give as good as I get—"

"You know the answer to that one," said Dawson, hopelessly.

"Then I'll borrow the car and flip into town to contact Tomlinson while he's sold on the idea. He'll lunch me, so I'll join you later."

He sauntered out. Dawson watched the rangy figure in well-cut tweeds stand for a moment in bright sunlight, then clamber into the hotel car. . . .

It was the last they saw of Blake, though a note came from him in the afternoon.

"Didn't I ask you not to make a fuss of it?" he wrote. "The evening papers have dug up that springboard stunt and made me a hero again. Believe me, I'm far from it, so I'm pushing on with a little help from Tomlinson, who happens to want a special courier. Collect the car, and send my luggage through him. I ought



"Throw me up another box of matches, James"

to have known it was too good to last, so goodbye, Sergeant, and good luck."

Miriam went straight to their room, and Dawson had enough sense not to follow. Soon she was down again, brisker and more energetic than ever. She would get over it, he knew, because she had courage and she loved him as well.

"He shouldn't have gone off like that," she said tonelessly. "But perhaps it's for the best, Tom. A place like this can't have two hosts."

"Blake was the ideal guest," Dawson mused. "I wonder why he took fright over a bit of publicity?"

He looked at his wife, but she didn't answer. It was better left like that, he thought, even though he didn't like loose ends. . . .

In the morning the loose end was tied into a neat knot by the arrival of a mink-coated woman with eyes as hard as sapphires and the loud, horsey voice every hotelier knows and dreads.

"Where is Captain Blake?" she asked sharply. "I'm his wife, and from what I read in the newspapers I'll find him here."

Dawson said: "I'm sorry, madam. The Captain booked out yesterday."

"He's left?" Mrs. Blake's vivid lips became a thin line. "Where has he gone?"

Miriam was standing at her husband's side. "We don't know, madam," she said quickly. "He didn't leave a forwarding address."

Mrs. Blake hesitated. Then with an exclamation of angry disgust, she turned and stalked out.

In Miriam's eyes as she watched the woman go there was a warm glow that faded slowly. At last she knew what was wrong with the Captain, and it seemed to settle the conflict in her mind.

"Poor Blake!" she said quite calmly. "She was the exception, Tom, the one time he didn't land on his feet. Ever since, he's had to be one jump ahead of her."

She paused, and then added: "I don't blame him, but I'm sorry for her as well, because she's in love with him."

Dawson said nothing; there seemed nothing more to say. THE END

took it out. There was a wad of five-dollar notes in it. They were old and worn. No bank would have a record of them. He put them in his own wallet.

He looked into the other pockets: a driving licence, a membership card to a club in San Juan, a photograph of a girl—no one he recognized. He put them back into the wallet. No thief would bother about those. He wiped the wallet carefully with his handkerchief, inside and out. No fingerprints. He took out the wristwatch. It was ticking cheerfully.

The moment he was out of Jamestown he began to sing. There was no moon, the sky was clouded. Soon he would be on a bare stretch of road. A scud of rain dashed against the windshield. All the better. If there were any footprints on the flagstones, this would wash them out. You could rely on a shower most days this time of year. There were no headlights ahead, there were no headlights behind. He was in open country.

He slowed down the car, but did not stop it; there must be no sign of a car's having stopped along this road. That was the kind of thing that gave a man away. With one hand on the wheel, he took Carson's wallet from his pocket. It was wrapped still in the handkerchief that had wiped it. Using the handkerchief as a sling, he flung it toward the cane fields. It was so dark that he could not see it in the air. Would anybody find it? Most likely someone would. Would the finder hand it in to the police? Possibly, but more likely not.

The watch was another matter. A watch would be hard to explain away. Why should anyone who had bothered to steal it throw it away? Perhaps he had made a mistake in taking it.

He put himself in the position of a thief who had been surprised by Carson, and had in a moment of panic taken his accuser's life. Being a thief, he would, before hurrying away, have taken whatever of value he could see. What was there of value but the watch

THE RIPENING YEARS—4

Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

André Maurois

and the wallet? He would take them, surely. And then surely when he began to think he would realize that the watch was something which he must not keep. It was no use hiding it. He could never use it. Flung it away. That's what the thief would do. That's what he must do.

He took the watch out of his pocket, wiped it carefully and flung it wide. The last link with Carson gone. He breathed deeply. That was that. He was safe and free. He began to sing again. He was still singing when he drove up the drive to Belfontaine.

Sylvia was on the veranda reading. She rose to welcome Maxwell. "You must be starving," she said.

"I'm not. I've nibbled. How about you?"

"I'm ravenous."

As they moved to the dining-room, he passed his arm round her waist. How pliant and soft she was! Her hair smelled of jasmine.

He faced her across the table. "It's true," he said.

"What's true?"

"About my grandmother having an African ancestor."

Sylvia made no comment.

"Doesn't it surprise you?"

"No."

"You mean you knew all the time?"

"I didn't exactly know. I guessed. It seemed quite likely."

"Didn't your parents mention it

Continued on page 40

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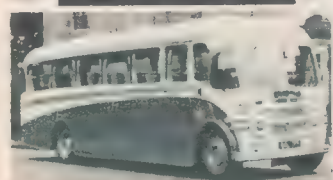
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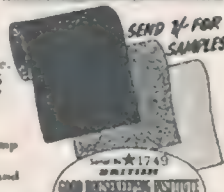
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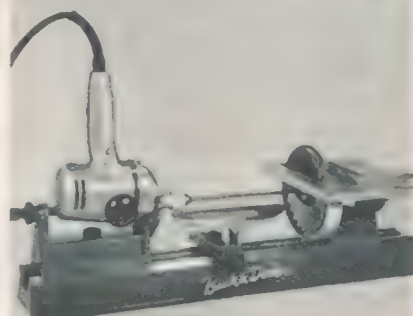
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"No, no one mentioned it."

"But you yourself, you must have thought over it. It must have made some difference."

"No, honestly, it didn't. You see—" She hesitated. "The point is this: people who have coloured blood, whether it's a little or a lot, fuss about it, they get self-conscious, but to people like myself who know we're completely white, it's something that seems unimportant."

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"While I, on the other hand, I've not only never known, it never occurred to me to wonder," said Maxwell. "But perhaps all the time I have known subconsciously."

Was this the secret of his moodiness? Had the high drama of this day been like a lancet cutting through a hidden abscess? All his life he had been fretted by his hatred of the coloured people. Might not that have been due to an unconscious knowledge that he had coloured blood himself? Now that he knew the facts, he could toss that chip away; he could accept himself for what he was.

"I expect that's what's been wrong with me all along: I've known, but I've refused to admit to myself that I've known."

He looked at her thoughtfully across the table. They had sat there alone, so often, facing each other, during their year of marriage. This was the first time that they had really talked to each other: there had always been a barrier.

"I must have been very difficult at times," he said.

"I wouldn't say that."

"I would. I must have been. I'm sorry. I'll be different now." He had a sense of his whole life starting again, in his new-found confidence. "It's going to make all the difference to my

THE RIPENING YEARS—5

When we are old, we think that we have taken leave of our vices; the truth is that our vices have taken leave of us.

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty

candidacy for the Legislative Council. That's what I told Bradshaw at the club tonight."

He recounted his conversation earlier that evening.

Sylvia listened, interested. "That was clever of you," she said. "You'll disarm them that way."

In her voice there was a note that he had never heard before, a note of pride.

He told her about the meeting he was planning. He had never talked to her like this, she thought. Where previously he had been arrogant and intolerant, he was now confident, self-assured. If only he were like this oftener!

"It's getting late," Maxwell said. He stood beside her as she rose, he passed his arm about her shoulder. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "You've had a wretched deal. It'll be better now."

There was a new tenderness in his voice.

Maxwell went about his normal duties on the plantation the next day in a state of acute tension. How long would it be before news of Carson's death reached them? By midday he could barely control his impatience. What was happening in Jamestown? Wasn't there someone whom he could ring, someone who in the course of a talk about something else would interrupt with "I suppose you've heard the news?"

He thought back over yesterday: the evening at the club. Whom had he talked to? Bradshaw. Bradshaw? Wasn't that the answer? He had

promised to ask Bradshaw out to hear his election speech.

"I'll be back in a minute or two," he called to Sylvia. "I've got to telephone."

As always there was a long delay. At last Bradshaw's voice, high-pitched, came over. "Yes, yes?"

"It's about my new election speech. I'd very much like to give it when you could come. Tomorrow's Saturday. That's really the best day. Would that suit you, in the afternoon?"

"It would suit me very well."

"Lunch then, at half past twelve."

"I'll be there."

"If you could get out by twelve—"

A clink came in his ear, a buzz, silence, then a confusion of voices. He'd been cut off. This infernal exchange, this maddening party line. He hung the receiver back. It was no good. He would have to wait till the news reached him in the normal course of events. Surely soon someone would drive along the road.

At Government House, Lord Templeton was discussing the funeral with his chief of police, the A.D.C., and Doctor Leisching, who had performed the post-mortem.

Leisching stated that Carson had been killed early on the previous evening. He was insisting that the corpse be buried that day.

"The regulations say that in the tropics a body must be interred within twenty-four hours."

It was very short notice. Templeton controlled a twinge of irritation. This everlasting Teutonic reverence for regulations. But he could scarcely criticize a member of his staff for too strict a regard for them.

"Very well, then, Doctor. We'll have the funeral this afternoon."

As the doctor left the room Templeton turned to the police chief. "Leisching seems in a confounded hurry to get this fellow underground," he said.

"That's what I thought, sir," replied Colonel Whittingham.

"Was there a scene with Leisching?"

"A kind of scene, from what they tell me."

"But Leisching stayed behind in the club?"

"Oh, yes. I've checked on that. He and his wife were together the whole evening."

"But if Carson didn't go straight home?"

"That's something I must check on."

"I mustn't interfere. But you know what an old soldier is: he likes to meddle. You'll keep me informed, won't you? In the meantime, this funeral. Shall we say half past four? Let me know the details later. About the announcing of it, Archer, I'll leave that to you."

Archer and Whittingham went out and Templeton and his son were left alone. They had postponed a full discussion of Euan's engagement till after breakfast. Now this business had arisen.

"Have you talked to Jocelyn yet?" he asked.

"I'd meant to take her for a swim this morning, but it might be better to postpone it."

"I think it would. We'll all feel a little different once the funeral's over."

"Right, Dad. I'll get on with that. See you at lunch."

Euan crossed over to the office buildings to telephone Jocelyn. He had some difficulty in getting through. At last he heard her voice. It had a tired sound.

"I think we should postpone our date," he said.

"Yes?"

"You've heard, I suppose, about Colonel Carson. The funeral service is this afternoon at four o'clock. In view of all this, don't you think it would be better if we met after the service, rather than this morning? I could meet you outside the church and we could take a drive."

"We'll be in formal clothes."

"I'll put my bathing things in the



"You understand—a smart salute when they go in, and a long, low whistle when they come out"

car. We could collect your things on the way."

"All right."

Jocelyn put the receiver back and walked into the drawing-room. Her mother was reading a novel.

"Colonel Carson's funeral is at four. That was G.H. ringing up. What about letting Maxwell know?"

"Would he want to come? Was Colonel Carson a friend of his?"

"If we don't warn him, he will feel aggrieved."

Maxwell was so touchy. She went back to the telephone. She had to wait several minutes before she got an answer from the exchange.

"I'll do my best, but everyone's ringing up this morning," the operator said. "I'll call you back."

Ten minutes passed, quarter of an hour, half an hour.

"I'll try again," Jocelyn told her mother. But there was the same delay, then the operator's apologetic, "I'll do my best, Miss Jocelyn. Every line's engaged." Everyone telephones this morning.

"Don't bother, then, it's not all that important."

FROM the window in the vestry the Farchdeacon watched the congregation arrive. He had rarely seen so many people in his church. Everyone in Jamestown seemed to be here today. He noticed David Boyeur, very correctly dressed in black shoes, a dark blue suit and a black tie. He saw the Fleurys, the Normans, the Kellaways, the Leischings, the Morrisises. Ah, here was the governor.

The car with the Union Jack flying from its bonnet swung round the corner. The A.D.C. stood by the door. The governor followed in his full dress uniform, with his four rows of ribbons.

The music of the organ swelled and ended. The congregation stood up. Colonel Whittingham, his eyes upon his policemen, noted their immobility with approval. What a day it had been, since that hysterical servant had brought the news into the police station just as dawn was breaking! What luck that he had been there himself! He had not had the clues interfered with by his well-meaning but muddled subordinates.

He had found precious little, but a negative result in a case like this could

have a positive significance. He knew that he was dealing with a person of some intelligence, someone who had taken the trouble to leave no clues. There were no footprints, no fingerprints, nothing seemed to have been disturbed.

There were two hints of robbery. Carson's pocketbook had gone. It was clear from the sun tan on his wrist that he wore a watch. That, too, was missing.

But there was nothing to indicate that a thief had been interrupted by Carson's early return. There were no signs upstairs of a thief's search. Surely no ordinary thief could have been so skilful as to leave no traces, particularly if he had been disturbed?

Whittingham was puzzled. It looked a simple case: robbery with violence that had become murder or manslaughter; but he was not sure that it was as simple as it looked. He would play a watching game: keep his eyes and his ears open and trust that somebody would make a slip.

There was a shuffle of feet behind him. The congregation was seated. The lesson was being read. . . .

The long service was at an end; the procession started, the troops leading the way, their arms reversed; the band playing the "Dead March In Saul," the archdeacon and the two chaplains following; then the coffin borne on the shoulders of the six policemen.

The governor led the procession as chief mourner. They had only a hundred yards to walk. The sun was low now in the sky and the trade wind was blowing gustily. The archdeacon waited while the shuffling of the crowd was silenced, then he raised his voice.

"In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour. . . ?"

The grains of earth rattled on the coffin. The bugler sounded the Last Post. The rifles volleyed their final tribute.

Jocelyn turned away. It was over; or at least that was over. Now her battle began.

Euan was waiting for her at the gate leading from the cemetery. "I've parked the car in the club," he said. "Let's go to that beach where we went the first afternoon."

Jocelyn was grateful to him for



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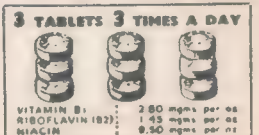
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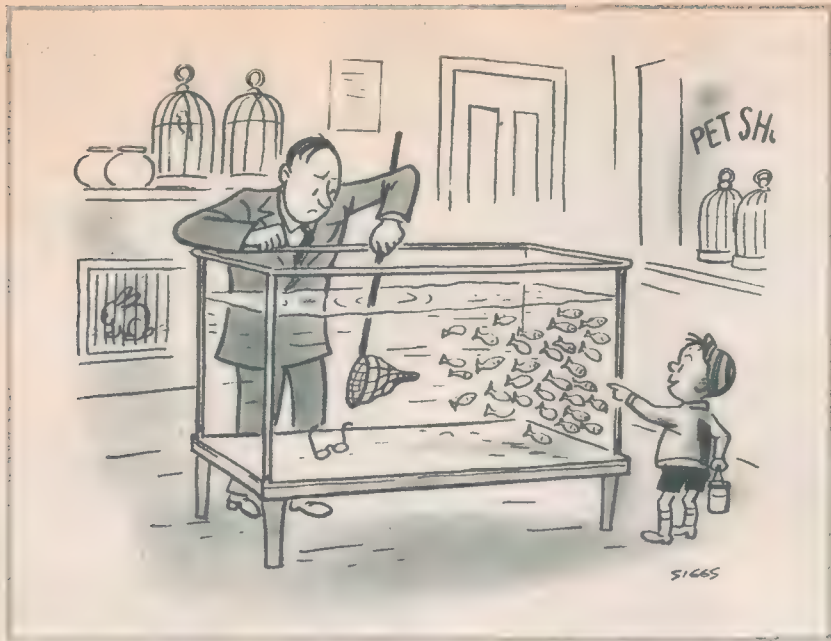
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SR is good for teeth and gums



suggesting that. Let it end where it had begun.

He had brought the small Austin. Would she ever drive it again? She supposed she would. The thing would taper off. There'd still be picnics, dances, parties. The sooner she got out of Santa Marta, the better.

"This business of Colonel Carson must be worrying your father a good deal," she said.

"He takes things in his stride."

It was lucky that they had this to talk about: something dramatic, of interest to them both, so that they hadn't to make conversation. "What do you feel about it yourself?" she asked.

"About Carson?"

"No, about the effect that it'll have outside the island. It'll be reported in all the papers."

"I imagine so, with Bradshaw here," he said.

They laughed together, with a certain ruefulness. The same thing was in both their minds. It was cosy that they were able to make a joke of this. They really were in tune, talking the same language. They genuinely understood each other. It was a pity things had gone the way they had.

It was close on six when they arrived at the beach. The sun was sinking fast into the water. It was a cloudless day.

"Let's go and swim before it's dark," he said.

BUT she did not move. It was time to put him out of misery. Besides, she wanted to see his expression. She had to make it as easy as she could for him.

"Euan, I suppose you and your father discussed that article of Bradshaw's?"

"Of course."

"It upset him, didn't it?"

"On the contrary, he seemed relieved. He said it had forced all our hands and that he was very glad about it."

"What did he mean by that?"

"It always pays, he said, to get the blow in first. Everyone will be wondering what we're going to do. We can stop all that gossip by telling them right away. We'll announce our engagement at once and have a celebration party."

"He said that, did he?"

"That's what he said to me last night. I asked at lunch whether Carson's death would make any difference. He said heavens, no, we weren't having public mourning. Carson wasn't a relative of ours. It's Friday today. He said we'd cable the announcement to England over the weekend. It should be in *The Times* on Wednesday. We'll announce in that day's *Voice of Santa Marta* that we are having a party at G.H. on the Saturday in celebration."

"And what did he say about our getting married?"

"I asked him that. He said, 'First

things first. Let's get this engagement settled, then we'll begin to think about naming the day.'"

She smiled through the fast-falling dusk. H.E. was no fool. He'd not only disarmed criticism, but with one gesture he'd got the whole coloured population of Santa Marta on his side. No one could say after this that G.H. drew a colour bar. But when it came to marriage he'd stall, play for time, hoping that when Euan got back to England he would find somebody more suitable—no, not only more suitable, but suitable.

"Let's go and swim," she said.

IT was after twelve when Maxwell got back next morning from his tour of the estate. Had Bradshaw arrived yet? He looked for his car, but did not see it. He was glad he hadn't. It would be easier if he learned the news from the paper. The paper must have arrived by now. Had Sylvia seen it?

"Hallo there," he called out.

"Won't be a second."

The answer came from the bedroom. He hurried through on to the veranda. No, no paper there. Perhaps it was still in the kitchen. "I'll get the punches ready," he called to Sylvia.

His guess had been correct: the paper lay on the kitchen table. He started, half stretched out a hand, then checked. Would he do that normally? No, of course he wouldn't. He'd tuck it under his arm, laying it aside as he set out the drinks.

He set out the glasses, the nutmeg, the freshly squeezed lime juice and returned to the veranda.

"I hope that journalist isn't going to be late," he said. He opened out the paper. Now!

He blinked. There it was, right across the front in one black streamer: "MURDER OF COLONEL CARSON," then a line of single columns—"GOVERNOR ATTENDS FUNERAL" . . . "POLICE REFUSE INTERVIEW." He stared transfixed, then pulled himself together. He could not sit here staring; that would not be the normal thing to do.

"Darling, something appalling's happened. Look!"

At that moment a car honked in the road. "Ah, there he is." He handed her the paper. "Have a quick look at it. I've not had time to read it. We'll get the dirt from Bradshaw."

Bradshaw could not have come at a better time, thought Maxwell. It was Sylvia, not he, who was asking the journalist the first questions. Her voice expressed a mingling of horror, excitement, curiosity.

"It's terrible, Maxwell's just shown me this. We haven't read it yet. Tell us all about it. Is anyone suspected? Who discovered it?"

Her questions rattled one on top of the other with an eagerness that could not have been feigned. No, there'd been nothing between Sylvia and Carson. There couldn't have been. He had the proof now. None of this need have happened.

He handed Bradshaw his punch and

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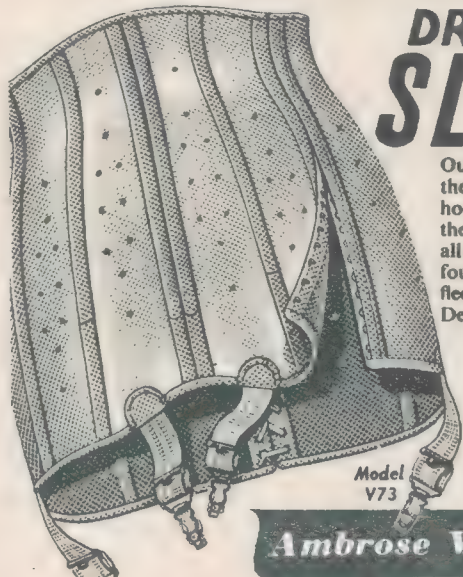
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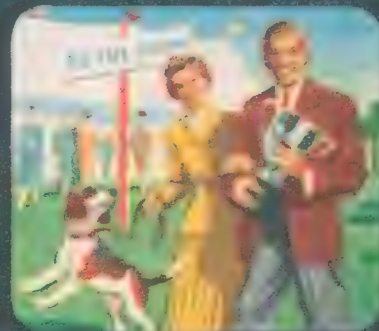
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sat beside him. "What is the police theory?"

"They are refusing to commit themselves, but the general idea is that he surprised a thief, and the thief turned on him."

Bradshaw recounted the incident to them in detail.

If there hadn't been that row, Maxwell thought, Carson would not have left the club so soon. They would never have met, he and Carson, at the corner of that unlighted lane. And if Carson had not got involved in that ridiculous scene with Leisching, he would not have been in the belligerent mood from which the quarrel had sprung.

"I must have only just missed that scene at the club," he said.

"By about a quarter of an hour, I should say."

"Then if what the police think is true, and Carson surprised a thief when he went back, I must have passed within earshot of his house at just the very moment when the fight was taking place."

He turned to Sylvia. "I never bothered to mention it to you, but I walked that evening to the club. If I had left home a few minutes earlier, I'd have met Carson in the street. I expect he would have asked me in for a drink; then we'd have found the thief there. It so easily might not have ever happened."

Bradshaw nodded.

"That's how things usually appear in retrospect," he said. "There was a case in Baltimore. . . ."

The incident was appropriate to the situation. Maxwell's blood pounded as he listened. He had got away with it, the perfect crime. He had fooled them all. Here in Bradshaw he had his witness that he had received the news with equanimity. He had carried it off.

"Let's ring for lunch," he said. "Two punches are enough before a speech."

THE party in honour of Jocelyn's engagement was to be an after-dinner occasion, with a band and dancing; a hundred invitations were dispatched and there was a small family dinner party first.

Sylvia and Maxwell had arranged to come in to town early. Whittingham had suggested that Maxwell should look in at his office the next time he was in town. Maxwell had expected such a message. That busybody Bradshaw!

They left in the cool of the morning, shortly after eight. Maxwell was filled with the same exultation that he had experienced a week ago when he had driven out from Jamestown. He was alive, alert in every nerve, in every fibre. How fresh and glowing Sylvia looked!

"You look more attractive every day," he said.

She made no answer, but her eyes were fond.

They were passing the field where he had flung the wallet. Long before the sugar cane was cut, its leather would have swelled and blistered under the rain and sun; the lining would have rotted, the papers pulped. The watch might be found one day, the wallet never.

He had no qualms about his interview with Whittingham. He had only to keep his head.

As he drove through the market place he noticed David Boyeur leaning out of an M.G. talking to a girl. The car was brand new, the girl was only slightly coloured.

"Isn't that the Morris girl?" he asked.

"I think it is. She's pretty, isn't she?"

"I'll say so!"

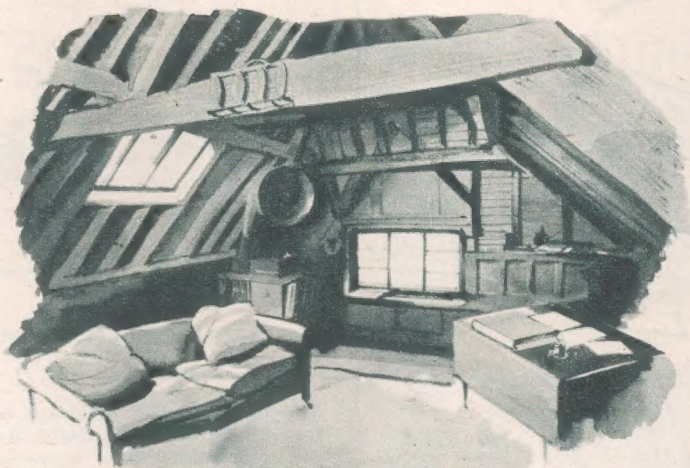
A traffic light held him up. He had time to look at them. Boyeur was talking fast, the girl's lips were parted and her eyes were bright. He remembered how Boyeur had heckled him at his first election meeting but had not attended the next one. Was it only ten days ago that first one? The light changed to green and he drove on. He stopped by the M.G.

"Why didn't you come out to my

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



In a three-room cottage deep in Dorset Lawrence of Arabia sought peace of mind

IN February, 1935, No. 338171 Aircraftman Shaw took his discharge from the Royal Air Force. He was forty-six—physically robust, mentally at his zenith, but spiritually in a turmoil of uncertainty.

His distress derived from the fact that before he was thirty he had become a hero and a legend. Then had come premature retirement, disillusion and frequent despair. He had started life again several times under assumed names in vain attempts to escape from boredom and himself. Now another phase was at an end.

Speed was his invariable relaxation from human bondage. On May 13 he rode home to Clouds Hill, his cottage by the road across the heath near Bovington Camp, in Dorset. He was going at a reckless speed. Suddenly he overtook a butcher's boy bicycling in the same direction. He swerved to avoid him, shot over the handlebars, and so pitched himself into eternity.

Aircraftman Shaw, otherwise J. H. Ross, otherwise Lawrence of Arabia, was born in 1888. As a young man he tramped through France hunting cathedrals, through Syria searching for Crusader castles, through Mesopotamia camel-driving. At Port Said he coaled ships. In 1916, with the outbreak of the Arab

Revolt, his great opportunity arrived. Alone he succeeded in reviving Britain's damaged prestige in the Middle East by creating an Arab force and in freeing the Arabs from Turkish rule.

When he left the R.A.F., Lawrence planned to rusticate at Clouds Hill, which is now owned by the National Trust. It is an old brick and tile cottage hidden from the road by dense rhododendron bushes and furze. Inside it is restricted and spartan. There are only three rooms and a bathroom.

Downstairs, the Book Room, lined with Lawrence's favourite literature, is filled with a huge leather-covered divan, an arm-chair with reversible cushions, and a stainless-steel bookrest.

Upstairs is the Music Room under open rafters in which he played his gramophone with its huge horn. Next to it is the Bunk Room, with its porthole for a window. It has a ship's bunk and sparse, cheap furniture.

How to get there: The cottage is nine miles east of Dorchester, one mile north of Bovington Camp. Buses to camp from Weymouth, Swanage and Wool (S.R.). *Open:* April to September: Sundays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 2 till 6. October to March: same days, noon till dusk.

meeting the other afternoon?" he said.

Boyeur turned quickly, taken off his guard.

"I made a mistake the first time, holding it in the dark. One needs to see one's hecklers face to face." Maxwell's tone was easy, self-confident, contemptuous. "I look forward to our meetings in the Legislative Council. It's going to be most entertaining."

Before Boyeur could answer he had driven on.

That's a point back for me, he thought. Boyeur had once humiliated him in front of Sylvia. Boyeur had been paid back in his own coin, humiliated before that pretty girl.

"Will you be lunching at the club

today?" Sylvia asked as they approached his parents' house.

"I expect my father'll want me to." Anyhow, he would be going there. He wanted to show himself, to assert himself: to make the others recognize what he amounted to.

He dropped Sylvia at his parents', and then drove down to the police station.

Whittingham was seated in his swivel chair, the bottom drawer of his desk drawn out, and his foot tucked into it. He was holding a leather wallet, turning it over between his fingers. Maxwell stared at it. Could there be two wallets like that in the colony? Whittingham put it down on

the top of the desk, then swung round to face his visitor.

"It's good of you to come round," he said. "I don't suppose, as you say, that there's anything that you can tell me, but quite often something that seems unimportant to one man may have a meaning for another. Suppose you tell me all that you can remember about that evening. What time did you leave your father's house?"

"It must have been after six. It was almost dark."

"You were alone?"

"Yes, it was the day that article of Bradshaw's was printed in *The Voice*. The one about our having coloured blood. It was a shock to me. That's why I was going to the club alone. My first appearance there would be important. That's why I didn't drive. I wanted to clear my mind, by walking."

Whittingham nodded. He seemed half asleep.

Maxwell was desperately tempted to turn his head to look at that wallet on the desk, but he mustn't. He knew that he mustn't. He had no excuse for being interested in a battered wallet.

"I suppose you were pretty upset inside yourself; I mean you were all worked up?" the colonel asked.

"Of course, naturally. That's, I suppose, why I never discovered at the club that Carson had had that scene with Leisching."

"What's that?"

"You know that Carson had made a fool of himself, tried to apologize and dropped a glass."

"Yes, I heard that."

"It must have happened only a few minutes before I arrived; normally I should have stood around a little, listened before I began to talk, but that night I had to attack. I went straight up to Bradshaw. I thanked him for his article; I congratulated him on it. I took the wind out of everybody's sails. I made myself the centre of the evening. I was excited; as you say, worked up. I stood drinks all round. But you heard all that, you hear everything."

WHITTINGHAM smiled, rocking himself in his chair. "You walked back by the same route?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you see any lights in Carson's house?"

"No, but then from the road you can see only the upper window."

"Indeed, is that so? I hadn't realized that. You saw no one in the street outside his house?"

"No."

"And on the way to the club, did you see anyone hanging outside Carson's house? It's important, this, because you must have passed at about the time he was being killed."

"I saw no one. There was only one car that drove by afterwards."

"Afterwards. After what?"

"After I'd passed the turning to Carson's house."

"Ah, I see. And that was all?"

"Yes, that was all. I'm afraid I haven't been much help. I warned you, didn't I?"

"Negative information can be quite useful. It precludes certain possibilities."

"You mean that you know certain things didn't happen, therefore others must have done."

"That's roughly what I meant."

Maxwell stood up. There was clearly nothing more to say. As he rose, he allowed himself for the first time during the interview to turn his eyes towards the desk. He blinked. It must be the wallet he had taken from Carson's hip. He longed to touch it, to turn it over in his hands. The very wallet.

He pulled himself together. "I shall be seeing you tonight," he said.

In the passage outside he closed his eyes. His knees felt weak. His heart was pounding. He had been exposed to a greater strain than he had realized. But I got through all right, he reassured himself. I was natural, wasn't I? I didn't give away a point.

To be continued next week

Are you a case for DOLCIN?

Mrs. L. Cladinboel, of London, N.I., suffered considerably from rheumatism in her legs—something all too common in this climate of ours. Then she heard about Dolcin and tried it. She found relief from pain and was able to get about much more easily. This is what she wrote to us:

★ "Your Dolcin tablets — they are really wonderful. I could not bend my knees but since taking your tablets, I can use my legs much more easily. I would recommend Dolcin to anyone."

Mrs. Cladinboel's letter is only one chosen at random from hundreds which have been received at our offices. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Fibrositis, Sciatica — countless sufferers from these painful complaints have found quick and prolonged relief from their pains with Dolcin. Dolcin is non-toxic and cannot harm the heart or any other organ. Why resign yourself to agony a moment longer? Seek rapid relief this very day with Dolcin. Ask your chemist for a bottle of 100 tablets—it costs 7/4d. Remember, Dolcin really does relieve pain!

★ (This original, unsolicited letter may be inspected at our offices.)

DOLCIN, Belvue Rd., Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex

Do you suffer from Rheumatism?

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The medicated pastille — from chemists only
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"No colds or bronchitis for two years or more"

Mr. J.G.B. of Bognor Regis, Sussex says:—

"I have taken Lantigen 'B' with remarkable results. No colds or bronchitis for two years or more, which is surprising as I usually had two periods of illness every year."

Mr. J.G.B. is one of hundreds of grateful people who have written spontaneously to say that they have found relief from the miseries of catarrh and bronchitis by taking the Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine treatment.

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical direction. Although a vaccine, it is NOT injected but taken in water like ordinary medicine. Acting on the vital tissue cells, it encourages the natural protective forces of the body to counteract the invading microbes responsible for bronchitis and catarrh, and neutralises the germ poisons they produce.

The Lantigen 'B' treatment costs only a few pence a day and it can be purchased at 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists or address below.

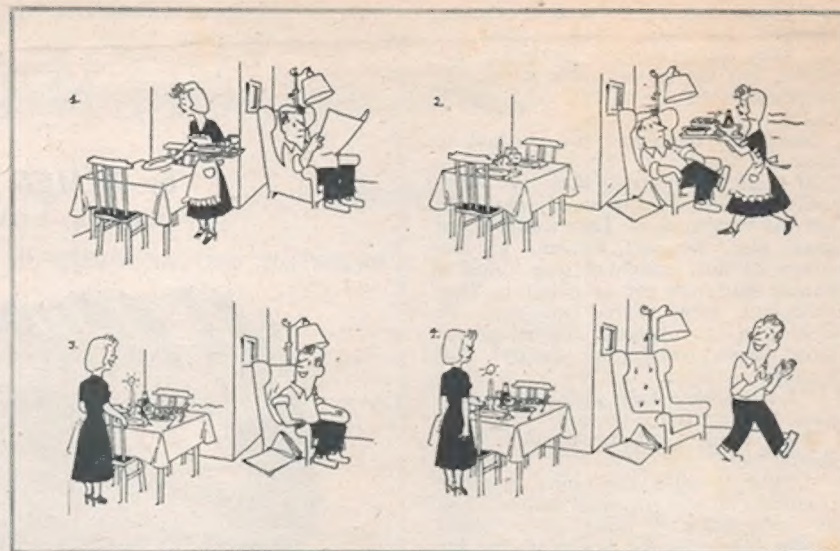
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CATARRH and BRONCHITIS

EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

Prepared in the Laboratories of Lantigen (England) Ltd., Bagshot, Surrey



Scooped To Safety

Continued from page 23

(air) of the station, who was about to take off for a training flight in a Vampire. Baldwin decided to intercept the Firefly and escort it home. The Vampire screamed out to sea. Sproule followed in the slower helicopter.

The Vampire met the Firefly about thirty miles off the coast. Sproule climbed to keep in radio contact and listened to the conversation between the other two pilots on Channel Baker, the local aerodromes' radio frequency.

By now, smoke and flame were streaming from the Firefly's engine and the pilot, Lieutenant Foulkes, doubted whether he could reach Ford. Sproule heard Commander Baldwin advise Foulkes, who was now too low to bale out, to "ditch" the Firefly as near to land as possible. About eight miles off the coast, Sproule saw the Firefly plough into the water and sink in a great oily swirl. Even closer than Sproule, a high-speed R.A.F. launch on its way to Portsmouth had swung off-course to give assistance.

As lines thrown from the R.A.F. launch failed to reach the ditched pilot, Sproule signalled to the launch to stand off. He ordered his crewman, Chief Petty Officer Edward Sherlock, to use the scoop. It was the first time that Sherlock had ever attempted to net a man, and the first time that Sproule had done it "in hot blood."

"I remember telling Sherlock to treat it just as if we were netting another oil drum," he says. As the helicopter crept slowly forward, Foulkes was swept into the net, and the winch hauled him up alongside. Sproule flew straight back to Ford and, using the helicopter's manoeuvrability, landed Foulkes a few yards from the sick bay. Twelve minutes after ditching, the ditched pilot was enjoying a hot bath.

The Search and Rescue Unit at Ford is one of several under the Controller, Search and Rescue, 19 Group, R.A.F., at Mountbatten, Plymouth. He has at his disposal R.A.F. rescue launches, R.A.F. Shackletons which carry dropable boats and R.A.F. and naval helicopters. When the position of a crashing aircraft or a ditched pilot is known, the emergency is local and is dealt with by the nearest Search and Rescue unit. When it is not known, the whole organization is poised for instant action. At these times, helicopters are of vital importance.

Though Search and Rescue is primarily for Service purposes, in practice it has become an adjunct to the lifeboat service, always ready to help when a civilian emergency arises.

Two anglers enjoying a quiet afternoon's fishing at the entrance to Pagham lagoon suddenly found that they had been trapped by the fast-rising tide. Soon after their plight had been realized, Sproule arrived and scooped up one man complete with fishing gear, catch and sandwich bag. A second helicopter rescued his companion.

Sproule, now forty, was born in Northern Ireland, and was educated at

St. Peter's School, York. After serving an apprenticeship with Vickers at Weybridge, he joined a glider manufacturer for whom he designed the Kirby Cadet, a glider made in hundreds and used by the Air Training Corps. He has had more than five hundred hours flying in gliders. In 1938, he set up a world duration record of more than twenty-two hours in a two-seater glider. In 1946, he set up an English two-seater distance record of one hundred miles.

"I have never tackled any sport I couldn't do sitting down," he says, "and my mechanical ingenuity is the result of laziness, and the desire to find an easier way of doing things."

In addition to the scoop, Sproule has developed a helicopter rescue stretcher for use when a sick man must be quickly transferred from a ship to a shore hospital. The patient is placed comfortably in the box-like stretcher

THE RIPENING YEARS—6

Everybody wants to live longer but nobody wants to grow old.

Jules Rostand
(French biologist)

which is then winched up and secured to the side of the helicopter. Sproule has also designed a small bosun's chair for lowering V.I.P.s to ships. Instead of being scruffed up under the arms and having his uniform crumpled, an admiral, says Sproule, would keep his medals in view and his dignity intact.

At the invitation of an American bureau of aeronautics, Sproule visited the United States where he trained an American crew to demonstrate his rescue net. As a result, there is a strong possibility that the scoop will be adopted as standard equipment with U.S. Navy helicopters. He has also been to Ceylon to demonstrate the various uses of helicopters and the scoop net method of air-sea rescue to the Sinhalese Air Force.

Though Sproule says that in an emergency he would fly a helicopter in any weather, he admits that they are difficult to handle in the gusty winds which sometimes whip through the Channel, capsizing yachts and dinghies. Once the Ford helicopter was called to rescue two youths whose sailing dinghy had been overturned in Bracklesham Bay. Naval Airman Gerald Mephram, who was crewman on that occasion, recalls that they had to battle against a 50 m.p.h. wind. As they flew towards the scene, the helicopter which, in good conditions, has a forward speed of 100 m.p.h. was passed by an ambulance on the road beneath.

Mephram admits that he often looks hopefully in the net for a mermaid, but so far nothing more exotic has been scooped up than a surprised turtle, which was landed on an aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean.

THE END

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--	--

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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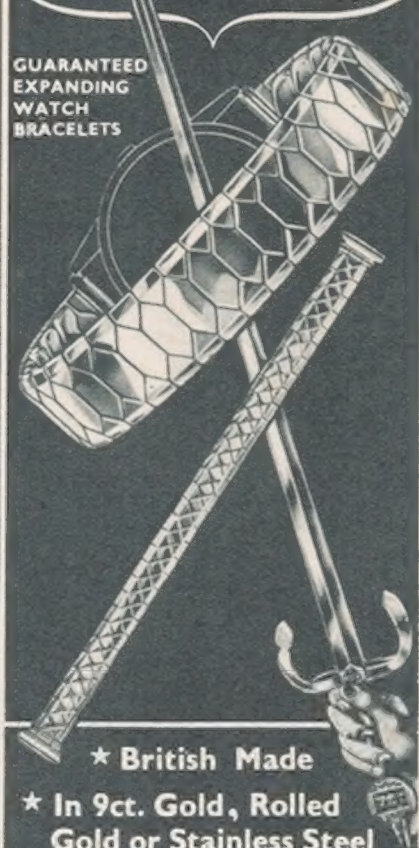


A letter from Glamorgan tells a London Skin Laboratory how a coal miner relieved an itching skin rash. Mr. A. Maddison, of Nelson, Treharris, writes: "I am a collier. About 3 months ago I had sweat rash. It kept me awake at night, itching. I tried everything without relief until I got Valderma balm." Mr. Maddison is one of hundreds who testify to the healing action of Valderma. This modern balm contains not one but two powerful antiseptics. That's why it kills more germs—more quickly. Because Valderma Balm is not a clogging ointment, septic matter can escape. This completes a treatment that clears many kinds of skin troubles—fast! Spots, pimples, eczema disappear, often in a few days. Valderma Balm at chemists. Tubes 2s. 6d., jars 2s. 6d. Free trial tube: send a 2d. stamp for postage, etc., to Dept. J.B. 8, Valderma Laboratories, 17 Berners St., London, W.1.

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